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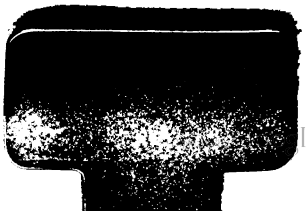

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MEMORIALS

OF

MISS MARY FISHWICK,

OF SPRINGFIELD, NEAR GARSTANG.

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS FROM HER CORRESPONDENCE.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. PETER M'OWAN.

For those who throng th' eternal throne
Lost are the tears we shed;
They are *the living*, they alone,
Whom thus we call *the dead*.

NEW-YORK:

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INTRODUCTION.

PAGANISM sacrifices infant life, neglects the cultivation of the youthful mind, and relies for its defence and propagation on the sword of the state, the counsels of the sage, and the ceremonies of the priest. Whereas Christianity reckons little children as the lambs of the Redeemer's flock, proclaims the fact of their redemption by his blood, and commands ministers to feed them, and parents to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." It enlightens their minds, removes their guilt, renews their tempers, inspires them with the hope of heaven, and then demonstrates its own divinity, by making their holy lives and dying testimony the means of convincing the skeptic, of imboldening the timid, and of recovering such as had waved in their attachment to its interests.

The days of the Reformers, and early Nonconformists, were the days of the giants;

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and we owe much to their Herculean labours, their patient sufferings, and their heroic achievements. There was then much masculine piety in the land, and a great deal of sound divinity was taught in the pulpit, and disseminated through the medium of the press. Yet we dare not say, "The former days were better than these." Then every Christian was a man of war; and none but champions could obtain the public ear, or attract the public eye. The theology, though generally sound, was systematic; and, consequently, to the uninitiated, it was somewhat obscure. Even the simplicities of the gospel were divested of much of their fitness to interest and benefit the young, by being arrayed in the thorny technicalities of controversy. The miseries of the heathen abroad were overlooked in the struggle for truth at home; and the children's cry for bread was scarcely heard through the din of angry disputations about ceremonies and forms of discipline. The suffering circumstances in which the excellent of the earth were then placed, impressed their piety with a character of sternness, which, however necessary to sustain the tug of war, was repulsive and discouraging when associated

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with instruction in the school, and example in the domestic circle. Education was neither so common, nor was the art of training the youthful mind so well understood, as it happily is at present. Talent and genius were rarely consecrated to the improvement of youth; and even good men seemed to forget that it was a part of the divine economy to "still the enemy and the avenger," by ordaining strength, and by perfecting praise "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." Hence the scarcity of religious juvenile biography, and indeed of other books adapted expressly for the young, during the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries. The appearance of Janeway's "Tokens," in the year 1668, may be said to have formed a new era in the history of the church.

It is for the benefit of adult disciples that the "little child" should be set in the midst of them, that the soft tones of his grateful hosannas should mingle with their temple worship; that with them he should spread the palm, and dedicate the garment, to grace the triumphant progress of Sion's King; and that his unsuspecting trust in the Father's love, his singleness of intention, his cheerful

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obedience, his patience in suffering, and his victory in death, should be recorded as evidences of the truth and power of Christianity, and of the abounding grace of God our Saviour.

There are few circumstances connected with the late revival of religion more consolatory than the great increase of juvenile piety, by which it has been distinguished. The thanksgivings of parents, the records of the churches, and the numerous and interesting memoirs which store our libraries, prove that multitudes of the rising generation have been brought to God. Not only are our young disciples numerous, but, generally speaking, their piety is decided and truly Scriptural. Their consciousness of pardon has been preceded by a sense of guilt and condemnation; they entered the path of life by the way of the cross; and with a cordial belief of the truth, and an implicit reliance on the merits of the Redeemer, they combine an unreserved surrender of themselves to God, and a readiness to confess him before men. Their ears are open to receive instruction, their hearts are the seat of ardent and generous emotions, they love to labour, they thirst to be useful, and

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in the holiness of their lives and the depth of their experience they "resemble the children of a king." A large proportion of the agency which the church at present employs for the conversion of the world is furnished by them; and were sufficient pains taken, by ministers and experienced Christians, to improve their minds, foster their piety, and encourage their efforts to do good, their usefulness might be increased tenfold. God is saying to the church in our day, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth." As he who plants an acorn contributes to the rearing of an oak, and thereby promotes the defence and glory of his country; so the individual who, by oral instruction or the labour of his pen, instils truth into the mind of a child, sows a seed, which, with God's blessing, may be expected to yield fruit that will bless the world in a thousand forms. Without disparaging science, we have no hesitation in saying, that the results which have followed the reading of Watts's "Divine Songs" will be found in the day of eternity far to outweigh those which have flowed from the study of that most profound treatise, the *Principia* of Newton.

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The venerable Wesley was remarkable for his condescending attentions to the young; and his endeavours to increase their piety and promote their intellectual improvement were enlightened and unremitting. When he met them at the door of the sanctuary, or in the house of their parents, he often put his hands upon them and blessed them in "the ever-blessed name." In all public prayers and private intercessions they were affectionately remembered. When at the visitation of the classes he met with any of them who possessed superior piety, or who gave indications of more than ordinary capacity, he took down their names, inquired into their circumstances in life, and, besides giving them some token of his personal esteem, he frequently contrived means for improving their prospects and advancing their usefulness in the world. Many of his letters are addressed to youthful correspondents; and his journals abound with accounts of early conversions and youthful piety. By a beautiful simplicity of style, he adapted his public discourses to their capacity; by an exhaustless fund of interesting anecdote, he entertained them in private; and by various productions of his pen, he laboured to direct

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their devotions, and to instruct them in the elements of logic, history, natural philosophy, and especially in the things which belonged to their peace. We know not that he had their interests specifically in view when he established class-meetings in his societies; but certain we are, that no better means could have been contrived for fostering their religious impressions, guarding them against the friendship of the world, securing their agency to the service of the church, and for training them up in holiness, usefulness, and honour. It was his ardent desire that Methodism should be, in the style of its preaching, and in the plan of its discipline, specially adapted to the poor and the young; and who does not see that the desire of his heart has been granted, and that the work of his hands has been established? The poor we have always had with us; and at no former period was the number of our young disciples greater than at present.

The ravages which death has lately been permitted to make among the young, the useful, and the pious, have been great and afflictive; and to the bereaved they appear at variance with the plan of making the children of the church "princes in all the earth:"

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for the most promising and princely have been those who were taken away. But our affection misleads us in this matter, as in many others. This is one of the expedients in which "the foolishness of God" appears pre-eminently "wiser than the wisdom of men." By appointing that the sun of Harriet Newell should go "down while it was yet day," he secured the rising of many others, who, in some respects, can scarcely be regarded as "lesser lights" than that devoted Christian lady. Her living experience and dying testimony fell like ripe fruit on hearts softened with grief and warmed by sympathy, and produced, through the divine blessing, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some a hundred fold. Thus, by abasing, he exalts; by causing sorrow, he soothes; by bereaving, he multiplies; and, by hastening the temporal death of one, he secures the spiritual life of many. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!"

Without disparaging other publications for the young, with which this age abounds, a careful observation of the progress of the

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work of God induces me to attach great and growing importance to well-authenticated and well-written examples of juvenile piety. There is an inherent interest and force in the narrative of real Christian experience which no art can infuse into preceptive teaching. It gives substance and form to religion, which is in itself spiritual; and, by connecting instruction, admonition, and motive, with incident, character, habits, and consequences, it makes an impression on the youthful mind which is all but irresistible. While it professes to give the history of another, it brings the reader into acquaintance with himself; and it opens to his view the spirituality of the law, and the contrition which is consequent upon its application to the conscience. It introduces him to the Lord Jesus as "mighty to save;" it leads him to utter the sinner's only plea,—

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me;"

and it demonstrates that "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" are the immediate effects of a true and lively faith. It depicts to his eye the transforming influence which regeneration exerts on the tempers, the intel-

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lectual powers, the conduct, and the conversation of its subjects; and by setting forth the calm tranquillity, the sweet resignation, the animating hope, and the holy triumph, with which even the stripling Christian meets the king of terrors,—it proves beyond dispute, that "one thing is needful," and that both in life and in death "the righteous is more excellent than his neighbour."

With these views it affords me great pleasure to introduce to the religious public the "Memoir of Miss Mary Fishwick;" a book which—whether I consider the style in which it is written, the benevolent use to which the profits of the sale are to be applied, or the deep piety, the glowing charity, the poetic taste, or the mental accomplishments, of its amiable subject—will, I am confident, become a favourite with the religious youth of our land.

Miss Fishwick's piety, it will be seen, commenced in a knowledge of herself as a sinner; her pardon was the direct result of faith in the blood of the Lamb; and, being forgiven, she loved her pardoning God with an ardent and supreme affection. Having avouched the Lord to be her God, and his people to be her people, she gave distinct

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and unequivocal proofs that there was none in heaven or in earth that she desired beside him. From the time of her espousals to Christ until the day of her death, his love was the ruling passion of her heart, the darling theme of her discourse, the regulator of her life, and the solace of her soul, both in active labour and in patient suffering. Loving God with all her heart, she loved her neighbour as herself. In reproving the vicious, instructing the ignorant, visiting the poor, and in administering relief to the sick and broken in spirit, her labours resembled those of "a mother in Israel," rather than those of a girl of eighteen. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." For some time before the last messenger arrived, she seems to have had premonitions of his approach. The "yellow leaf," as well as the afflictions of her friends, pointed her watchful spirit to the enduring realities of that world where

> "Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain."

She regarded her present comforts as sustaining the same relation to her future joys, which an earnest does to the inheritance of

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which it is the pledge. To her spiritual and poetic eye creation shadowed forth bright traces of the great Creator's attributes, whom she was enabled to adore as her God and Father in Christ Jesus. Her concern for the salvation of sinners in the vicinity of her own home sometimes amounted to agony; and she may be said to have died with the name and the necessities of Fejee written upon her heart. For the comfort of survivors, the voice from heaven says, "Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

"Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

PETER M'OWAN.

COLCHESTER, *June* 19*th*, 1839.

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MEMOIR

OF

MISS MARY FISHWICK.

CHAPTER I.

"There is no engagement more instructive or delightful than to mark the period when the first spark of divine light is struck into a human spirit, and to trace its progress as it proceeds to dissipate those clouds of error and sin which gather round the chaos of the fallen soul."—*Mrs. Agnes Bulmer.*

THIS work professes not to give a finished portrait, but merely a sketch, of the character of a highly-gifted and deeply-lamented young lady, whose sun went down ere it was yet noon; but of whom it might be said, she lived long in a short life. It is sent forth in the spirit of prayer, and humble dependance on Him without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, as a testimony to the glory of his grace, through whom she became a vessel to honour; and in the hope that it may be made a blessing to many of the children of pious parents.

"On the young the expectations of the church repose;" on them the powerful influence of

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example falls with peculiar weight; and it is especially desirable that a sense of the importance and beauty of personal religion should be brought home to their hearts and consciences. Selections from her correspondence are introduced, in order that, as far as possible, her character may be delineated by her own pen, in free and unrestrained intercourse with her friends; that those of a similar age and station may see the steps by which she rose to so much excellence, and be led to glorify God in her. The foundation of what was truly estimable was laid in her early yielding to the convictions of the Holy Spirit as to her naturally lost and ruined state, and closing in with the offers of mercy to her through a crucified Redeemer. Without the powerful bias arising from this, the strong impulses of her active and vigorous mind would have been directed to less worthy objects; her energies would have all been expended on things transitory; and the remembrance of her would not have been embalmed, as it now is, in the memory and hearts of all who knew her, as a lover and follower of God, and a bright ornament of the circle in which she moved.

Mary, the only daughter of George Fishwick, Esq., was born at Springfield, near Garstang,

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Lancashire, England, October 11th, 1820. Her maternal grandfather was the late Roger Crane, Esq., of Preston, in Lancashire; a name closely connected with the first days of Methodism in that town and neighbourhood.

The prayers and blessings of pious ancestors descended as a rich legacy upon this child; and perhaps it may be inferred that her own early love for and confidence in the power of prayer were the first-fruits of the benefit she derived from this source.

A life so short as the one now under notice cannot be expected to furnish many striking incidents: had it pleased Him "whose way is in the sea, and whose footsteps are not known," to have prolonged it, there is every probability that the rich blossoms displayed in the spring-time of her existence would have yielded, in riper years, an abundant harvest of golden fruit; and that the tender sapling would have become a stately tree, under whose spreading branches many a young traveller to Zion would have found shelter and protection.

In childhood she was distinguished by great sweetness of temper, liveliness of disposition, affectionate attachment to her friends, as well as deep sympathy for the poor, the sick, and the suffering. These feelings were sedulously

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and judiciously cultivated by her fond and affectionate parents, who strongly impressed on her mind the duty of attending to the wants and comforts of others, in preference to her own: thus a disposition comparatively free from selfishness was nourished, till it unfolded itself in that generous and disinterested benevolence which afterward so strikingly characterized her. To parental wisdom and assiduity she owed much; and these were amply repaid in later years. It was the constant care of her devoted mother to imbue the youthful mind of her daughter with a deep reverence for the name and word of God, a careful adherence to truth, a lowly estimation of herself, and habits of untiring industry. Being a child of great spirit, the exercise of strict discipline soon became necessary, in order to check those ebullitions of self-will which so early manifest themselves: it was a fixed rule in the family, never to allow her any thing for which she cried, nor to suffer her to gain, by persevering entreaty, what had once been denied. The servants in the family having instructions to the same effect, she was fully aware that this line of conduct would be adhered to both in the parlour and elsewhere; and she was thus saved from that unhappy fretfulness, in which

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children are oftentimes trained by a less decided plan of discipline, under the false idea of preventing the very evil which they encourage.

Her parents, having marked the pernicious consequences arising in the minds of children, from the admiration of their dress, &c., too often thoughtlessly expressed, never allowed her clothing to be a subject of conversation in her presence. Convinced that all laudatory remarks on this subject tended to the cultivation of pride and vanity, they, if a visiter casually expressed admiration of any thing she was wearing, checked the tendency by a hint, that it would keep her warm, or be of some other benefit. Utility was the only purpose she was led to consider in dress; and new articles of clothing were generally put on without exciting any notice.

Her inquisitive mind and quick perception soon manifested themselves; and her friends have often been surprised to find how much she understood of those portions of Scripture she had heard read at family worship, before she was four years old. She displayed no particular fondness for books till she had completed the fifth year of her age. Before this her lessons were a task to her; but being then presented with a new book, consisting wholly

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of monosyllables, she was delighted to find that she was able to understand it. From that time she became remarkably fond of reading; and so rapidly did she glean up the sentiments of a book, that her mother frequently doubted whether she could possibly know what she had read, until, by questioning, it was found she could give a very correct account.

For some years she was an only child; consequently, her amusements and pursuits were less childish than might be expected from her age. She would gladly forsake her doll and other toys, to sit at her mother's feet, and listen to a tale of the olden times, or hear her repeat selections from the poems of Cowper, Gray, &c. Here probably was laid the foundation of her ardent love of poetry, which, in later years, had it not been curbed by the influence of grace, would have become the master-passion of her soul. After her taste for reading had been excited, she often withdrew to a chosen retreat to indulge in the perusal of books far beyond the capacity of most children of her age. She has frequently said, that to this love of books she was indebted for the facility she acquired in needlework; as when she had expended too much time in her favourite occupation, she was obliged to use increased dili-

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gence to effect the completion of her allotted task.

A strong confidence in God, as the hearer and answerer of prayer, early discovered itself in her soul; and in after years she has referred to many instances in which, during childhood, she prayed about trifling circumstances, and believed that she received answers. All her childish griefs and sorrows were carried to the feet of Him who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Sometimes she was accidentally overheard, when engaged in these infant exercises; and her language and ideas were such as to raise expectations and excite surprise. When very young she delighted to listen to serious conversation, and was fond of hearing any thing respecting the Scriptures, heaven, &c.; but when six or seven years old she began to feel less interest in such subjects, and would as soon as possible change the conversation; thus giving proof of the natural depravity of her heart, which did not like to retain God in her thoughts.

She grew up under the eye of her parents till she was nine years of age, when she was placed at a school in Cheshire, under the care of Mrs. A., a pious and judicious lady, for whom

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Miss Fishwick retained the warmest sentiments of esteem and gratitude. During the two years she remained at school she displayed great quickness of apprehension, and facility in the performance of whatever was assigned to her. Her innate love of amusement, and her bold, courageous spirit, were here more fully drawn forth by the society of others of her own age; and these dispositions often betrayed her into childish freaks and indiscretions, which were succeeded by troubles and difficulties. But even these elicited a trait in her character which deserves to be recorded. One who resided in the same house all the time she was at school said, "Miss Fishwick always speaks the truth, whether it be for or against her."

When she had completed her eleventh year, she returned home to pursue her studies, under the direction of Miss P., a young lady, between whom and herself there sprung up a friendship which years only increased and cemented, ripening it into a more than sisterly affection. The serious impressions of her childhood were now about to assume a more lasting and abiding character; and her ardent spirit turned away dissatisfied with earthly good. She felt the necessity of a change of heart, and often wept herself to sleep, because she and her lit-

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tle brother continued unconverted, while all the other members of the family were happy in God. But that self-righteousness which is inherent in human nature closely beset her; and the great adversary of her soul frequently suggested, that she could of herself walk uprightly, and that the heart of man was not, as the word of God declares, "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and, as often as she entertained the temptation, she was made to feel that her fancied strength was perfect weakness, and was led to confess that she leaned on a "broken reed." Long and severe were her struggles, many and bitter the tears she shed, before she was enabled to renounce all dependance on herself, and tremblingly to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" About this time a sermon preached by an excellent local preacher was made useful to her, and led her more fully to see that religion alone could satisfy the longings of her immortal spirit. One evening she appeared more pensive and thoughtful than usual; Miss P., her governess, who anxiously watched the workings of her mind, observed to her, "You are not happy, my love." "No," she replied, "I am not." Having obtained this confession, she went on to assure her beloved pupil that she

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never would or could be truly happy till she fully embraced religion, and yielded to be saved by Christ alone; ultimately proposing that they should retire to their own room and pray. The young penitent's heart was now softened; she wept and prayed in great agony of spirit; and being made willing to be saved by grace, she was enabled to cast her guilty, burdened soul on the atoning Sacrifice, so that before they rose from their knees she could exultingly exclaim, "My Lord and my God." Peace and love filled her soul, and she retired to rest rejoicing that her sins were forgiven for his name's sake. The following morning her countenance bespoke the inward calm, and plainly showed the tranquil state of her mind. On walking round the garden she remarked, that she appeared to be in a new world, the flowers and shrubs wore a new aspect, and all seemed to join with her in praising her Father, God. Those things that had before appeared difficult, now became easy, and the various branches of duty afforded delight. These gracious feelings continued only for a time. Had she then availed herself of the privileges of communion with the church of Christ, they would probably have been abiding; but this, for several reasons, she hesitated to do; and

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her mind became gradually dissipated, her deep impressions declined, and she felt again dissatisfied and unhappy. Toward the close of the same autumn, when she had completed her twelfth year, she was induced to attend a class-meeting, and was much edified and interested by what she heard. From that evening her resolution to stand on the Lord's side appeared to be formed; and she was never known to repent or to waver in her choice; her language was, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God."

In the March following she received a note of admittance into the Wesleyan society; and on that occasion thus expresses her feelings in a note to Miss P.:—"I consider it a great honour to be permitted to unite with the people of God. I hope I shall never dishonour my profession. May the Lord help me to keep my purposes!"

As nothing in the form of a diary has been found among Miss Fishwick's papers, excepting a few memoranda of very early date, her advancement in divine knowledge must be gathered from her correspondence, and the recollections of her friends. On April 3d, 1833, she remarks: "I have thought much of last year at this time; I then found peace. Well

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had it been for me, if I had at that time united with the followers of Christ; I should now, in all probability, have been going on my way rejoicing. Since that time a change has been wrought in my views." Of this she gave proof by a diligent use of the means of grace. Though she had now embraced the privileges of church fellowship, she remained for several months without regaining the vital power of godliness. Her friends became concerned lest she should sink into what, in an accommodated sense, may be termed religious apathy; maintaining a fair show to outward observers, and having a name to live as a professor, yet being dead in the sight of God. She could no longer be said to be halting between two opinions; her choice was made, and in a certain degree her conduct was influenced by it. She delighted in works of charity and benevolence; her needle moved most cheerfully and rapidly in the service of the poor; and she was ever ready to deny herself, for the gratification or benefit of those around her. Out of many instances one may be adduced. She requested her mother to allow her to take her tea without sugar, that she might have the money to give to a poor old woman in the village; which was accordingly done. She was also at this time

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anxiously soliciting permission to engage as a teacher in the Sunday school, and to become a collector for Christian missions; but the great principle was still wanting, which alone can make such works pleasing in the eye of God. The right foundation of good works was not yet laid; and the true gospel motive, under the influence of which alone they can be rightly performed, was yet absent. She had not taken hold of Christ as her Redeemer, and consequently had not obtained a child-like love to, and confidence in, God the Father. Not being reconciled to him through the sacrifice of his Son, and unable to say, "We love him, because he first loved us;" "We are not our own, but are bought with a price;" she could not glorify God by works of faith and labours of love.

It is to be feared that many amiable young people, nursed, as it were, in the bosom of the church, and delighting their friends by the rectitude of their views and general conduct, remain strangers to that change of heart which constitutes them "new creatures in Christ Jesus;" strangers to the soul's calm sunshine, which results from the possession of the peace of God. For a while they are borne with and striven with, both from within and without; but

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there is a fearful danger of their hearts becoming hardened, their consciences seared, their ears stopped, and their eyes blinded. If the fire melt not, it will certainly harden; and so if the sunshine of gospel light and privileges do not soften and subdue, they have naturally, as well as by divine appointment, an opposite effect.

For some months after joining the society, Miss Fishwick remained in this state; but on Sunday, August 4th, being much impressed during her attendance on public worship, particularly at the evening prayer meeting, her friends endeavoured again to lead her to the fountain which is open for sin; but it was not till she had retired for the night, and was praying in secret, that she was enabled fully to rely on the world's Atonement. The following passage was applied to her mind: "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." She soon communicated the joyful tidings, exclaiming, "I am so happy now!" The recollection of this circumstance is distinct in the memory of her friends, and the fruit appeared in her future conduct.

From this period her piety assumed that deep, settled tone, which continued increasingly to mark its character. Having tasted that the

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Lord is gracious, she was wishful to bring others to the feet of Jesus, and esteemed it an honour to do any thing for Him who had done so much for her. Influenced by these views and feelings, she took charge of the alphabet class in the Sunday school, and laboured most faithfully and affectionately among these little ones, till her services were claimed for a higher class. She greatly loved and highly valued the means of grace. On one occasion, about this time, being detained at home by indisposition, she thus writes in a note to Miss P. :—

"I have felt that the Lord of hosts is indeed not confined to place; but this morning I was much disappointed in not being able to go to the seven o'clock prayer meeting. It never seems like Sunday to me unless I am there; I esteem that means of grace more almost than any other. The prayer of my heart is, that my present affliction may be sanctified. Thankful I take the cup from Him who, I doubt not, has some wise end in mingling it for me. I am aware that my disposition requires a curb."

Another extract or two from notes written to Miss P. about this time will suffice to show her gradual increase in that wisdom which cometh from above :—

"I feel to-night there is no subject so worthy

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the attention of an immortal being as religion. I can say, 'The best of all is, God is with me.' While riding out to-day, I enjoyed much of the presence of God: I could look up through nature to him; I felt a laying hold of him. It is through Christ that I have hope; indeed, these have been my feelings for some time back. I am utterly unworthy; but this is my only plea,

'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.'

'I nothing have, I nothing am;
My treasure's in the bleeding Lamb.'

I know that God is all purity and perfection, while I am all defilement. The following passage has struck me much lately: 'Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.' I know that I am not so dead to the world as I ought to be; but my prayer is, 'Renew a right spirit within me;' that I may live, yet not I, but that Christ may live in me. I want to show forth his praises."

Again she writes:—

"To-day I have felt great sweetness in that passage of Scripture, 'The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.' I know that he taketh away my sins. O, what a blessing it is that we have a High Priest who can be

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touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and through his blood we are cleansed from all guilt! The language of my heart is,—

'No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine;
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.'

Yea! through Christ, and him only, do I hope for any thing; but I want that humility and burning charity which shone so much in De Renty."*

CHAPTER II.

"Precious beyond riches are the hours of youth and health. Let none of them pass unprofitably away."—*Bishop Horne.*

It must not be supposed, because Miss Fishwick had embraced religion, that she was thereby incapacitated for attending to intellectual pursuits. So far from this being the case, her natural volatility and want of perseverance, the latter of which was the principal defect in her character, were greatly counter-

* Often mentioned by Mr. Wesley in his writings. See vol. iii, p. 53.—*Am. Ed.*

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acted by the influence of grace. The duties of the school-room were not irksome or uninteresting to her; on the contrary, she took pleasure in thoroughly investigating every subject; and her governess was frequently surprised at the comprehensive grasp of mind which she displayed in the prosecution of her studies. The following letter, written when she was in her fourteenth year, will, it is thought, justify these remarks. The subject on which she was desired to write was gratitude.

"*Springfield, July* 18*th*, 1834.

"My Dear Miss P.,—The heart that can forget favours, however trifling, must, whatever other good qualities it may possess, be cold and unamiable. True gratitude may be compared to the ivy plant, which having, with the assistance of stone and mortar, reached the elevation to which it aspired, instead of relinquishing all acquaintance with its old assistants, clings still closer, and repays their services by the luxuriant beauty with which it covers them: also to the clouds, which, being increased by moisture drawn from the earth, in gratitude give it back again in fertilizing showers. Another exemplification of this we find in the vine, which, having been trained by

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the careful hand of the vine-dresser, rewards his watchful care by the rich fruit with which it furnishes him. Thus, while all nature teaches man lessons on this subject, shall he alone be ungrateful? No; let him never for one moment forget that his warmest feelings of gratitude are due to the Donor of all his mercies. Hoping that I never shall prove ungrateful to you for all the pains you have taken with me, the strongest proof of which I know will be, a ready compliance with your wishes, I remain, my dear Miss P., your very affectionate pupil, M. F."

As a part of her school exercises she was required to write from memory accounts of the different nations, ancient and modern, of Asia, Africa, &c. The remarks she made at such times on the fulfilment of Scripture prophecies, relating to these countries, showed not only the deep interest she felt in the salvation of all the family of man, but also the attention with which she had studied the sacred records, and her clear perception of their extended import.

Living in a retired country situation, she had no associates of her own age, which in after life she considered rather as a benefit than a misfortune, as it led her more sedulously to

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cultivate her mind, and thus qualified her for the friendship and confidence of those who were older than herself. With her natural warm-heartedness and enthusiastic attachment to those she loved, she might have suffered loss had she been thrown among a different class of associates. Her manners were kind, and she was attentive to all with whom she had any intercourse; yet her chosen friends were those whom she hoped to love eternally.

The following letter to an esteemed young friend, written in the last month of this year, shows the contemplative mould which her thoughts frequently assumed, without deteriorating from the watchful energy of her spirit, or at all lessening her desire to fulfil the great purposes of her existence.

TO MISS E. P.

"*December* 10*th*, 1834.

"I have just been reading a note I received from you in summer. Months have elapsed since that time, and brought with them their changes. You name some flowers that were sent; and though it is now chill December, we still have roses peeping in at the windows. I never saw charms in winter before, dreading rather than hailing its approach; but lately I

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have seen much to admire, not only in the pale moon and starry heavens, but even in the naked fields, the dark hills, and leafless woods by which we are surrounded. To-day, in our walk, we found some woodbine just bursting into leaf, and near it, entwining a hawthorn, some of the faded autumnal leaves: so near is the dawn of life to its close! If life, then, is so short, of what importance is it that it should be well spent! The woodbine had performed its office, adorned its day, and shed a sweet fragrance all around it: so would I die. Having fully answered the end of my existence, and adorned my path in life, then may I sink into the tomb, not to be forgotten, or drop into oblivion, but to live in the remembrance of my dearest friends."*

The connected chain of Miss Fishwick's correspondence for the next few months will best portray the advancement of her views and feelings; at the same time it ought to be distinctly stated, that these letters were written in her own unstudied style, without the most distant idea that they would be seen by any but the friends to whom they were addressed.

* How strikingly was this pious wish fulfilled in four short years from this time!—*Am. Ed.*

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TO MISS E. P.

"*February* 3*d*, 1835.

"I feel the truth of your remarks respecting the guardian care of Providence toward me; and I know 'where much is given, much will be required;' but trust that I am not unwilling to render my little all to Him from whom I have received every thing I enjoy. How gladly would I stay the rapid wing of time, were it in my power, in order that I might husband it with more care and greater frugality!"

TO THE SAME.

"*May* 30*th*, 1835.

"Judging from the length of time I have suffered to elapse since I received yours, you might conclude that a letter from a friend is not so grateful to my feelings as it really is; but many things have intervened to prevent my writing earlier; and I hope that freely as I forgive I may be forgiven.

"It is said that epistolary correspondence belongs to the female sex; but, surely, when portions of that gift were doled out, I was in the corner, and missed my full *quantum:* I can write any thing better than a letter.

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"Like Eve, we this morning have been walking forth to see how the flowers prosper, and have been tying, watering, weeding, &c., and we have left all looking very pretty; but there was a greater power clothing the woods with verdure, and the fields with beauty."

About this time she formed a most ardent attachment to a young lady, some years her senior, who fully returned her love; an attachment founded on mutual esteem, which increased, instead of being diminished, with increasing years. They kept up an endeared and valued correspondence when separated, and enjoyed many seasons of hallowed Christian intercourse together. To this friend the principal part of the succeeding letters are addressed.

TO MISS F.

"*June 4th*, 1835.

"Indecision is, I know, the bane of all religion. It is a withering blight, and nothing but, 'Come ye out, and be separate,' will do when mingling with the world and mixed society. From this evil I have hitherto been exempted; and I assure you I feel no disposition to emerge from the quiet seclusion of Springfield into the busy world. A small and

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select circle of friends is all I wish for; and that I have."

TO THE SAME.

"*July 24th*, 1835.

"I received your last kind letter just as I was going to the sewing-school; and as I had not self-denial enough to postpone the pleasure of reading it, I was (as, alas! I too often am) a little too late. Since the holidays I have been reading Lardner's 'History of the Western World,' and Mr. Wesley's 'Life,' by Watson. What zeal must have animated him thus to endure the taunts of a multitude who had not sense to comprehend his schemes! I particularly admire the anecdote of Mr. C. Wesley's conduct at the time of the earthquake. His confidence was indeed strong in the Lord of heaven and earth. The remarks on Southey's 'Life of Wesley' did not appear to me at all too keen; they show the Christian minister and the gentleman.

"I think, my dear friend, I am more than ever convinced of the folly and wickedness of mistrusting the Almighty. I have proved that 'my very wishes give me not my wish,' and I am now trying to learn to trust in the Lord, and put no confidence in the flesh; for

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'Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.'

I may take up the sentiment of that beautiful hymn, and say, 'The clouds I have so much dreaded were big with mercy, and have broken in blessings on my head.' I have lately met with the following verse from Sir Walter Scott:—

'O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds the mark the archer never meant;
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.'

Is it not pretty?"

Notwithstanding this quotation is introduced from that celebrated writer, and though Miss Fishwick was already noted for her passionate love of reading, it may be proper to remark, that, in compliance with the wishes of her friends, she abstained from reading his fascinating novels. Her parents were anxiously careful that there should be no books in their library, from the perusal of which their daughter might derive any injury. In perfect accordance with the strong feeling of her parents with regard to the tendency of novels, her own determination was, never to indulge in that kind of reading: a determination which she sacredly kept, though she had free access to

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the libraries of friends, which contained the whole of Sir Walter Scott's Works, and others of the same description.

Another letter on a given subject, written by Miss Fishwick about this time, indicates the rapid development of her mental powers.

ON THE RIGHT USE OF TIME AND TALENT.

"*August* 20*th*, 1835.

"I must confess, my dear Miss P., that I feel quite inadequate to do justice to the important subject you gave me: however, it always affords me pleasure to do my best.

"An old writer has quaintly observed, that 'time is the stuff of which life is made;' consequently, he who wastes his time wastes his life. And talent, though not possessed of the same intrinsic worth as time, is not to be despised. Let those who deny that talent is useful, or that it may be turned to the service of the sanctuary; let these men look at the two Wesleys, Watts, Fletcher, Brainerd, Martyn, Swartz, Oberlin, Clarke, Montgomery, and many others, and blush to own their theory. Had Byron laid his deep, unfathomed genius, at the feet of his Redeemer; had Moore tuned his melodious harp to the praises of the Lord that bought him; had Chesterfield used the

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influence, which his knowledge of men and things gave him, to the benefit of his fellow-sinners; and, lastly, had the noble independence which thrilled the heart of the bard of the north country, Burns, been turned to the service of Him 'to whom his more than all was due;' would they not have escaped the stains which polluted, more or less, each of their characters? And would they not have obtained a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?'

'O! had they never stoop'd to shame,
Or lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
Those birds of paradise!'

"Even had they, like Addison, Johnson, and others of that class, endeavoured to stem the tide of iniquity, and to substitute a better system of morality, they would not only have done no harm, but they would have done some good. When we look at the sad perversion of talent in Hume, Gibbon, Paine, and Voltaire, along with many other votaries of the goddess of reason, we feel glad that we are not in possession of talent capable of such abuse. But we are accountable for the misuse of Heaven's best blessing, time, as well as those of whom we have been speaking. However, as we have

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spent so large a portion of our time in the consideration of talent, I must conclude; and I remain, my dear Miss P., your very affectionate

"M. F."

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield*, 1835.

"I have this evening been devoting myself afresh to the glory and service of God. I was much pleased with the 'Memoir of Wilberforce Richmond,' son of the Rev. Legh Richmond. One trait in his character reminded me of myself,—his unwillingness to converse on religious subjects; but I think it is timidity: I do not find difficulty in speaking to persons unacquainted with God; I can warn them to 'flee from the wrath to come;' but to speak of personal piety is indeed a cross. I can communicate my ideas on this subject much better in writing; and, unless quite warmed, I cannot speak about it at all: many a time, when it would be a very, very great relief to my feelings to open my mind to some one, I cannot through fear. I was much affected with T. C.'s death.

'And so 'twill be when I am gone.'

Those who loved me may feel sorry; some will be led to think of the shortness of time. O,

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there is something peculiarly interesting in the death of a young person,

'Who hath all the storms outrode;
Landed in the arms of God.'

I admire some of Mr. Wesley's hymns on death very much. Will they ever be applicable to me? I hope they will; but I am so variable; sometimes I could

'Sit and weep my life away,
For having grieved His love;'

and again I feel hard; then I would soar at once from earth; again I am glued down to this transitory scene. O, it is sweet to retire to rest, knowing that we are in the arms of Jesus, 'who doeth all things well.'"

It ought to be remarked that Miss Fishwick's unwillingness to converse on personal religion, to which allusion is made in the foregoing note, gradually gave way, as her piety matured; and for the last few years of her life she spoke on this subject to her intimate friends with great freedom, and without reserve. From the period of her accepting Christ as her Redeemer, there seemed no hesitance in her religious course, no standing still, no turning back again. She was blessed with clear views of the simplicity of the plan of salvation, and strong confidence in the infinite mercy of God through Christ, by

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which she was saved from many of the doubts and perplexities of young converts.

In September, 1835, she thus writes to her friend Miss F.:—

"When you were here, my dear friend, every thing was lovely with spring; since then how great a change! The fruit-trees were covered with their beautiful white blossoms, and now they bend with golden fruit; the woods were just bursting into verdure, and now they are assuming the tint of autumn; we used to gather the flowers of the mountain-ash and dog-berry, now we pluck the scarlet fruit. Perhaps I am too ready to notice the symptoms of decay; but you do not know how I regret the parting of summer.

'Why are the joys that will not last
So perishingly sweet?'

Alas! how is it that the very eagerness that prompts us to grasp at the fulfilment of our wishes, should be the means by which they are defeated?"

TO THE SAME.

October 9th, 1835.

"When I received your kind and very welcome letter, I understood the feeling of the Quaker poet, when he exclaimed,

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"..... 'How happy the lot
Of the friend who, though absent, is still not forgot!'

You inquire how my little native vale looks, now that it is arrayed in the sombre robe of the season:—beautiful, but sweetly sad; on every favourite shrub and tree I read a striking lesson on the fleetness of earth-born beauties; but I will not mourn their departure; for,

'Spring will return, and the violet bank,
With its scented flowers, again be gay,
And the rose-bud afresh, when it hath drank
Again the enlivening dews of May.'

"I love to walk on the roads where you and I have exchanged sentiments, and united in admiring the works of our heavenly Father. Yesterday we directed our steps toward Clevely. There stood the 'sentinel trees;' but their verdant foliage was changed. I was forcibly reminded of Mrs. Hemans' poem, 'Passing away:'—

'From the old scathed stump no beauty had flown.'

Miss P. says, 'For a very cogent reason,—it had none to lose;' but you and I thought differently when we sat under its leafless branches last spring.

"My birth-day is next Saturday. O, how much have I said and done which I could wish

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to be for ever blotted from remembrance! How many things have I left undone that ought to have been done! But I flee to the arms of Jesus,

> 'And, lo, from sin, and grief, and shame,
> I hide me, Saviour, in thy name!"

In this refuge she abode; and proved that THERE was salvation, and joy, and peace.

When it is recollected that all the foregoing extracts are from letters written before she had attained her fifteenth year, it will certainly be admitted that at this early period she gave high promise of future excellence.

CHAPTER III.

> "A flower when offer'd in the bud
> Is no vain sacrifice."—*Watts.*

THE views and feelings with which Miss Fishwick entered upon another year will be gathered from a note written to Miss P. on her birth-day, October 11th, 1835:—

"I would endeavour to begin a new year in the strength of the Lord. I fear I have too often neglected to call upon the name of the Lord in all my undertakings, as I should have

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done. I trust that this year will be stained with fewer blots than the last was.

'I would the precious time redeem.'

The language of that sweet hymn,

'The God of Abraham praise,'

is what I would make my own; particularly,

'I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.'

I hope my future life may show forth the praises of Him that bought me."

She was an enthusiastic admirer of sacred poetry. Many of the songs of our Zion were marked by her as special favourites, and were richly realized in her own experience. The feelings and aspirations of her soul were often imbodied, in these highly poetic and deeply devotional hymns, while their very expressions had a reaction on her own spirit.

The following extract is from a note addressed to her friend Miss F., who had been on a visit to Springfield, in December, 1835:—

"I need not tell you how sorry we feel that we must for a season bid you farewell. Believe me, we part in expectation of one day casting our crowns together before Him who hath loved us and given us the victory. You

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know, I cannot believe that we shall not know each other in another world. I trust we shall together grow in perfect love; and in heaven we shall talk over some of the bright hours we have spent together on earth.

'For those who with a Saviour's love
Have twined their soul's affection,
Its everlasting bond shall prove
When friendship is perfection.'

Will you pray for me, that I may not lose any thing by my visit to Liverpool? I feel afraid lest I should."

It will be gratifying to trace, in the few succeeding extracts, the expanding mind and increasing piety of this interesting and ardent young traveller through the wilderness of this world; to mark her gratefully culling the sweets of life by which she was surrounded; to listen to her fervent bursts of admiration, when surveying the beauties of creation; and witness her daily growth in that "wisdom which is from above." The next note was written to Miss P., at the commencement of the year 1836:—

"I feel that I am utterly unworthy of your kind inquiries; but I trust I can in some measure answer them. On the last night in the old year I did surrender myself to the Lord of

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hosts, to be his entirely, to seek for a destruction of all in me that was not conformable to his will, of which I am sensible there is much; and I trust in some small degree I have been enabled, through Him in whose strength I made the resolution, to endeavour to keep it. I feel more than ever aware of my own weakness, and how utterly unable I am of myself to do any thing; but 'I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.' O, how completely vain are all earthly pursuits, when compared with the great end of existence! I often think, if we now saw things with the eyes that we shall when we come to lie on a bed of death, what a different estimate should we place on the things of time and sense!—things that perish in the using! O, will you pray for me, that I may be steadfast, looking unto Jesus, watching and praying to the end?"

TO MISS. F.

"*Springfield, January* 15*th*, 1826.

"On Tuesday we were in Woodacre wood; we got into the depth of the trees; it was quite a calm; we leaned on a moss-covered stump, and listened, but we could hear no sound. Cousin A. S. thought she had never been in a perfect silence before: it must have been in a

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scene like this that Mrs. Hemans penned her 'Depths of the Forest Shade.' You may know where my thoughts were; not

"'Midst the green islands of glittering seas;'

but with one who would have loved to have been there, and to have shared our delights."

The wood here referred to was a consecrated ground to her, in remembrance of the saintly Isaac Ambrose, who, when vicar of the adjacent parish of Garstang, used frequently to make that his oratory. He was in the habit of retiring hither every summer, and of spending a month or six weeks in a hut, built

"'Midst the depths of the forest shade,"

in almost entire solitude.

TO MISS F.

"*Springfield, February 2d*, 1836.

"It is high time to thank you for your kind letter; it was a balm to my spirit, it is so sweet to be remembered. To-day I set out on a journey of discovery, and found,—what? not a new continent or island, to transmit my name to posterity; not a gold or silver mine; but a mine of nature's wealth,—six snow-drops and a crocus bud! I explored every nook and corner of the primrose-field and the brook-lane, in

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search of a primrose bud; but not one could I find.

"I am reading a work by Keith, entitled, 'The Truth of the Christian Religion, proved from the Fulfilment of Prophecy.' It is a clever work; the infidels are so completely foiled with their own weapons. He quotes Volney at almost every page, to make him prove the truth of Scripture. Miss P. has recently told us the tale called 'Ralph Gimmel.' I wonder whether I could have stood the persecution he sustained; but what a sweet thought that the same 'Lord over all is rich in mercy to all that call upon him!'"

TO THE SAME.

"*March* 22*d*, 1836.

"I very much admire what Mrs. Bulmer says about impressions; and with her I would indulge a hope that these indistinct feelings are but the germs of some new faculty, that shall be opened to our view, and from which we shall derive exquisite delight in that land 'the inhabitants of which shall no more say, I am sick.' The author of your favourite piece, the 'Reverie,' seems also to take this view of the subject. I often wish, when any pleasing thought strikes my fancy, that you,

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'By coincident remembrance,
Knew my thoughts, and thought of me.'

Reading Mrs. Mortimer's 'Life' has left, I trust, a sacred influence on my mind; she and some of her friends will be ranked among those who

'Nobly for their Master stood.'

O, how I wish I were such a character as she appears to have been!

"I have just been round the garden, and I certainly never saw a lovelier night; the Crescent, Venus, and Jupiter shone brightly, and a few stars of the first magnitude were also visible. The river's gentle murmur, and the last song of the little warblers alone interrupted the solemn silence; the sky, with the exception of a single rose-tinted cloud, was quite clear; all, all was beautiful, all bearing the impress of the hand divine. Nature is about to array herself in her spring garments.

'The larch is hanging its tassels forth,'

and the trees will soon be in full leaf. Many of the lilac buds we watched when you were here are quite burst. I have sent a few simple wild flowers; will you accept of them with the kindest love of your own Mary? The books I have been reading since Christmas are Lardner's 'Mechanics,' and Paley's 'Evidences of

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Christianity.' Do you admire Paley? His reasoning is very conclusive: he seems to catch every shade of proof that comes in his way, and turn it to his purpose. I was much pleased with his 'Natural Theology;' but I think I like this better."

TO THE SAME.

"*April*, 1836.

"I met with one object in our walk to-day which gave me pain: it was a young sapling oak, just bursting into leaf, entwined with a woodbine, not like itself, rich, fair, and beautiful; but scathed, withered, and dead. I remembered the tree last summer, when amid its dark leaves there were entangled the rich flowers of its graceful companion; but its frail, fond friend, had clung too closely, embraced too earnestly, and twined too tenderly; now it is dead, while the oak yet lives, and another plant is clinging to it.

"Yesterday I was in too good spirits; the tide of hope, health, and happiness ran too high; and even then I knew there would be a reaction, not arising from outward circumstances merely, but from the constitution of a mind, the feelings of which are, as Wolfe expresses it, 'quivering indeed.' The influence a word, a

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look, a tone, has on me, you know. O, could I rise, shake, rouse myself from the world of thought, of sensation, of sentiment, into that of duty, of action, of society!"

CHAPTER IV.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," Prov. iv, 18.

Miss Fishwick was devotedly attached to her venerated grandfather, Mr. Crane, and she possessed a large share in his affectionate regard. It had been his delight to direct her infant mind in the pursuit of useful knowledge; and, in her more advanced years, to lead her on to the higher branches of study. He saw his kind attentions fully repaid by what he afterward witnessed in his beloved grandchild. This aged and honoured servant of Christ was now fast sinking beneath the weight of years and affliction. In early life he had nobly borne the reproach of the cross, "counting all things but loss for Christ's sake." He was one of the first that united with the followers of the Rev. John Wesley, when they visited Preston in the year 1777. In those days this step was no small taking up of the cross; but he fearlessly ha-

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zarded all his worldly hopes and prospects for the sake of Him who "had loved him even unto death." For many years this devoted champion of the Lord of hosts was the pillar of the infant society in that town and neighbourhood, and partook largely of the persecution and obloquy consequent thereon; but God abundantly honoured his faithful servant, by giving him to see the barren wilderness becoming as the garden of the Lord. For the last thirty years of his life he was favoured with very close fellowship with his Saviour; his heart became emphatically a temple for the living God, his peace flowed as a river; and great was his joy and rejoicing in Christ Jesus. The word of God was to him an open book. With David he could say, "O how love I thy law! it is sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb." When disease and death advanced, he was ready to welcome them as the messengers which should admit him to the mansions on high,—to the beatific vision,—to take his place among the ransomed of the Lord, washed and made white through the blood of the Lamb. His last affliction was long and severe; but he was sustained in the furnace, and enabled to say, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Mrs. Fishwick was now in

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Preston, attending the sick and dying bed of her revered parent; and, so far as a daughter's kindest sympathy and attentions could, smoothing his passage to the tomb. The following is one of the letters Miss Fishwick addressed to her sorrowing mother, during this season of painful anxiety:—

"*Springfield, May*, 1836.

"My Very Dear Mother,—We all feel truly concerned to hear so poor an account of dear grandfather, and also on your account, my dearest mother. Gladly, thankfully, would we alleviate your toil and your anxieties were it in our power; but in this, as well as in many other things, you must take the will for the deed. However, I rejoice in the thought that our almighty Friend is ever present. He, my beloved mother, will be your comfort and support in the hour of sorrow. 'He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind;' and it is a source of great consolation that dear grandfather is borne above all his sufferings, and can, even in the furnace of affliction, sing of mercy as well as judgment. We should any of us be glad to share (and in doing so esteem ourselves honoured) your cares and anxieties. Though we are so ill able to supply your place to our dear

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guest, yet we would not be so selfish as to wish to deprive dear grandfather of your attentions; and will each do our utmost, that things may go on as they would under your own eye.

"I have endeavoured to fulfil your request, although in a very humble manner. I think when you see the lines, you will give me credit for allowing my obedience to overcome my pride, as you know I wish in all things to gratify my dearest mother.

"I remain, my dear mother, your ever affectionate MARY."

The lines here referred to were written at the request of her mother, to suit the air of the "Tyrolese Evening Hymn." She had a highly poetic imagination; and, there is little doubt, had she chosen to cultivate it, would have excelled in writing poetry. A few pieces, written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, display at least the germs of future excellence. Her keen perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature, in sentiment, and in feeling; her lively and exuberant fancy; her graphic manner of description; all indicate the latent power of clothing her feelings in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Latterly, when solicited to write, her playful reply was,

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"O, I am too great an admirer of poetry to write it."

The following lines were composed in the summer of 1835, on accidentally reading in the newspaper an announcement of the death of the gifted Mrs. Hemans :—

When the summer's bright dreams shall float away,
And the stars shall fade at the dawn of day;
When the grape shall ripen, the acorn fall,
And all that live shall have found a pall;
And "the stranger's eye" again grow dim
At thoughts of "those who have pray'd with him;"
And the "warrior eagle" shall "stoop to die,"
And another shall tell how the "seasons fly;"
And the turf hath long heavily press'd on me,
Then will posterity "think of thee."

When the "sea," "the forest," the "battle field red,"
And the "myrtle shore," shall yield their dead,
And all again shall taste of life,
That ever yielded to death's sad strife;
Then shalt thou join that "happy band"
Who have gain'd a crown in that "better land;"
Then shalt thou meet thy lost again,
Then shalt thou suffer no more pain.

The goal thou hast reach'd for which thou hast pined;
Thou hast left the "birds of passage" behind;
Thou hast bidden farewell to space and time;
Thou hast gain'd thy home in the "sun-bright clime!"

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So great was her modesty and distrust of herself, that it was generally with difficulty that her friends obtained a sight of her productions. But it ought to be mentioned, that several of these were left merely written in pencil, and are therefore presented in what may be called "an unfinished state." Perhaps the insertion of a few of them may not be unacceptable.

AN AUTUMN THOUGHT, 1835.

Autumn is coming, to blight the bloom
On every woodland tree:
Winter is coming, to shed a gloom
On each haunt of song and glee:
But spring is coming:—afar, afar,
We see the dawn of day;
Winter shall flee in his snow-girt car
From this joyous land away.

Then will I hail thee, thou faded leaf!
I will not regret thy doom:
Like some fair one of earth, thy beauties increase
The nearer thou art to the tomb.
Death is stamp'd on thy fragile form;
Ere long shalt thou sink 'neath the tempest's glee:
Another—nay, perhaps *not another*—storm
Before *thou* art swept from thy native tree.

A LAY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Come along, come along, to the beechen tree,
And ramble away through the pasture free.

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The summer sun is setting,
And the red light fades away;
The dew the grass is wetting,
And 'tis the fall of day:
The merry midge is flying,
And the scythe is laid to rest;
The soft wind's gentle sighing
Ruffles the dark lake's breast.
And hark from yon deep and greenwood dell
Comes the cuckoo's last note: bright bird, farewell!

Hush! 'tis the time of flowers;
Bear forth a joyous heart;
Let not these summer hours
In sorrow have a part.
Lay thy soul's grief aside,
Think not of ills long past;
Enjoy the pleasant even-tide,
For summer will not last:
Repine not, though thy lot were sad:
Repine not *now*;—all nature's glad.

The drowsy bat is wheeling
In circles through the air;
And the village bells are pealing,
For 'tis the hour of prayer.
Come, broken-hearted one,
There's ONE who cares for thee!
Come, at the set of sun,
And bow the willing knee:
For HE knoweth our frame, that we are dust;
Then come, for ne'er will he deceive thy trust.

Springfield, April, 1836.

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ON SEEING THE FIRST YELLOW LEAF ON A FAVOURITE COPPER BEECH,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1836.

Now naught is seen but the lady fern
On the banks of the hyacinth blue,
And the wild wood-fruit usurps the place
Where late the violet grew.

Though autumn is lovely, its beauties are
Too still and too pensive for me;
There's a brooding mist o'er all the scene,
And a calm on the poplar tree.

And the leaves that fade in the beechen bower,
And the midges that float at eve,
And the sullen clouds that on sunset wait,
A gloom on the spirits leave.

But thou, scathed leaf, on my favourite tree,
Say, what art thou doing here?
Ready to fall from thy native bough
With each breeze that fans the air.

Comest thou to tell of the summer gone,
Of a year with blessings fill'd,
When peace and plenty have crown'd the scene,
And the voice of sorrow been still'd?

O, couldst thou tell me, thou wayward thing,
That if we who thy withering see,
If we all shall live, and for many a year
Watch the leaves as they fall from that tree:

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A last time must come, when we watch the leaves,
From that graceful tree decay;
For we, along with all mortal things,
Must pass from this earth away.

And we may be scatter'd and far away,
Or ever the leaves be seen;
And hearts that have loved may be sunder'd far,
And the ocean may roll between.

Or, death may have enter'd our cottage walls,
And broken the household band,
And snatch'd the loved and the dearest away,
To dwell in that "sun-bright" land.

If where love is the fondest, life is safe,
Sure we have nothing to fear;
If love could bribe the spoiler away,
He would not enter here.

But the time must come when the eyes will be dim
That fondly beam'd on our glee:
O, much as we shrink at the thought of it,
That dreadful time must be.

But, Father, may many a spring be green,
And many a summer roll,
And many an autumn veil the scene,
And winter surround the pole,

Ere that hour of sorrow and gloom shall come,
At the thought of which we weep,
And the fears of which in visions flash
O'er our restless and fitful sleep.

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Then one may be over the mountain dark,
And the grave of one may be green;
And the rest may be scatter'd and sunder'd far,
Ere the next wither'd leaf be seen.

We now resume her correspondence :—

TO MISS F.

"*Springfield, July*, 1836.

"Our family is reduced to four; but we do rejoice that we have not bidden one another farewell for 'aye,' and that we shall soon meet again, a happy family.

'We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said;
The places where they smiling sat
Are left unto us desolate.'

But we have not to mourn them as dead. O, my soul recoils at the word. 'What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?' You do not know how happy it makes me when my dear father and mother come home. Yes, I do 'dwell among my own people,' sheltered,

'Folded in my leaf of green.'

"When I look at my mercies, I feel ashamed that my heart does not melt with gratitude. I either am or ought to be the happiest being on earth; but 'every heart knows its own bitterness.'"

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The two following letters may perhaps be thought more fitted for the eye of private friendship than to appear in print; but as they develop what were prominent traits in the character of Miss Fishwick, namely, ardent attachment to, and thorough mingling of interests with, those she professed to love; as well as the habit of intimate communion with the Father of her spirit, and special prayer for individual cases; it is thought they should not be withheld. To those who had the privilege of sharing her warm affections, she did indeed pour her "heart's rich treasure forth," most fully freed from the cold, calculating, selfish policy of less generous minds. And with regard to her prayers, her friends feel that they have lost one, who, though young in years, was a mighty pleader with God.

TO THE SAME.

"*September*, 1836.

"I feel a pensiveness that is not grief. I have much to be thankful for. Those lines have been in my mind all the day,—

'Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood;
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.'

To-day I have in some measure brought my sorrows under the cross. How thankful I am

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that the Lord has so far answered prayer as to restore my heart's friend to some measure of health! If you should go to a warmer clime, my prayers and my heart will go with you, and

'Never in the suppliant's sigh,
Breathed forth to Him who rules the sky,
Shall my own name be breathed on high,
And yours remember'd not.'

"I do feel much at parting with you; but the Lord knows best. When you are gone, never shall I see the sun sink behind our western hills without thinking of the manner in which you behold it. Go where you may, my prayers and heart will go with you.

"Friday evening. I had written the preceding under the idea that you would go to P. If you should be restored without our saying 'farewell' for so long a time, O, how I should rejoice! 'Life is too short, thus to deprive existence of its spring.' As for myself, I feel the God of all power and might is weaning me from earth. A few, perhaps a very few more partings and meetings, and I shall cross the stream, and join those who are gone before. After a few more joys and sorrows, I trust I shall, with you, land on the right side of the river, and

'Sing of salvation for ever and ever.'

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"I have somewhere met with a thought that pleased me much, to this effect:—Two stones set before me, both of the same quality, of the same grain of texture, of the same original value; but there is a great difference now between them; and what is the cause of it? Why, it is simply this,—one stone shines so much more than the other, because it has so much higher a polish. One stone had a thousand cuts with the tool, and a thousand rubs with the polishing-stone, while the other had only a hundred. No doubt, while under the operation, the dull-looking stone esteemed itself by far the more fortunate of the two, and no doubt the brighter envied its less-laboured companion; but now that the operation is over, which had the better lot? God loves the children he polishes with many cuts. I have given from memory but an imperfect outline of this similitude. Happy are those who can say, 'Sanctify, though it be by fire!'"

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, October*, 1836.

"I do feel for you, my dearest friend. If my prayers are of any avail, believe me, they are yours; if my condolences would soothe one pang, they are yours. Often has that pas-

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sage come to my mind lately, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' I have found it to be so, and I know it will not be less fulfilled to you. To-day I have felt a calm sinking into God, and, in sinking into his will, a sweet sense of happiness. 'He is with me whose favour is better than life.' O, he is kind and good! I have him to pour out my soul to, and I have you: and I do fervently, ardently love you. For some weeks past I have made your circumstances a subject of stated daily prayer; and most sincerely do I hope the Lord will remove your trials."

CHAPTER V.

"A holy life, amid the temptation that the youthful age is exposed to, is no impracticable thing."—*Howe.*

THE next letter was written soon after the death of her venerable grandfather, who peacefully slept in the Lord, October 15th, 1836, aged seventy-eight. The following winter Miss Fishwick spent in Preston, on account of the greater facility afforded her there in having the attendance of masters.

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TO MISS F.

"*Preston, November 25th*, 1836.

"Preston is indeed an altered place; for

> ..... 'All about me spread
> There seems the memory of the dead.'

This is a 'deserted house;' but they 'rest from their labours.' A year ago, you and my dear grandfather were both at Springfield; and a very merry party we were. Little did I then think, that it was the last time that our venerated relative was to cheer and enliven us. How many proofs we have that the veil which hides from our eyes the events of future years is a veil woven by the hand of mercy!

"I do not know when our holidays commence. We are very busy. Though I cannot say that the sun rises before I am out of bed, I can say, very truly, that he sets before I have done my work. But I think all I want, except your society, is a thankful heart."

TO THE SAME.

"*Preston, December 12th*, 1836.

"How sweet is the thought, that there are those who love us not the less, because for the present

> 'Heaven does not our lot assign together!'

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There are instances, even in this iron age, in which the old proverb, 'Out of sight out of mind,' does not hold good; and how sweet are such instances! And, more than all, how happy are those friends who have both the same hopes, joys, and pursuits; who are both travellers to the same city of inheritance; and to both of whom death will be but the narrow entrance to the world of light! What glowing language does the Holy Spirit make use of to animate us in our conflicts here! What could be more sublime than the account we have of the abode of the blessed in heaven; and though of course those descriptions are figurative, do you not think, my dear friend, that from them we may infer, that the realities will be such as no mortal can imagine, and that all our conjectures are far beneath the glorious reality? I was looking at 'Pilgrim's Progress' on Sunday: I thought I saw new beauties in it; the account of the cave of contemplation struck me much."

In the beginning of the year 1837, Miss Fishwick spent a few weeks at S——, in the society of her beloved Miss F. The succeeding is extracted from a note addressed to that friend at the close of the visit:—

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"*January*, 1837.

"Every thing comes to an end. I looked forward to this visit with no small degree of delight; now it is passed. What a comfort it is that there is One who changeth not! And next to this is the sweet idea that there are friends who change not, or rather, whose love changes not. O, my dear friend, I go to a sphere of dangers; these studies call off my mind from higher, holier things; may I beg that your prayers will go with me: did I say 'a sphere of danger?' God is as much my protector as of those I leave behind. O that I had the victory for which I have striven, not, I hope, altogether in vain! My life has lately been composed of vows and promises, renewed and broken.

'Through blood we must the entrance gain!'

Yet He who hath been my help and my shield hitherto, will be so to the end. Farewell! O may the blessing of a full cup be yours! Sweet has been my sojourn with you."

TO THE SAME.

"*Preston, February*, 1837.

"My own Dear Friend,—Would that I could convey back again to you the pleasure your kind letter gave me. Uncle Fishwick said at the school tea-meeting, that the giver

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and the doer of good were always amply repaid: if that hold true in every case, much delight will be yours, since you imparted much to me. We consider our time here very short, and I am sure I feel more than ever wishful to improve it. I often think of your first letter,—the lines you sent to M. H. and myself,—

'Whate'er your age would reap, your youth must sow;
For the great seed-time of your life is now.'

We are very happy here; for the days glide sweetly on,—nothing to vex us, nothing to do but to enjoy ourselves by endeavouring to gain knowledge. But ours is, I trust, not only negative happiness, but also actual, real, true enjoyment. We have much to make us rejoice;—a bright hope, that when we shall close our eyes on earth, we shall open them in that world where there shall be 'no more night.' O, my dear friend, how sweet is this hope! I feel it increasingly sweet. I think there is much implied in those words, 'A bright and blooming hope.' Yes, that hope hath blessed and animated those who are gone before, and who have now 'found the rest we toil to find;' and ere long we shall greet them, see what they see, know what they know; but, above all, see that Jesus 'whom not having seen, we love.' That

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will, I am sure, be the crowning bliss, the heaven of heavens! O,

> 'Twill be our happiness to gaze,
> And heaven to see our Jesu's face!'

"Miss H. has kindly lent me Miss Jewsbury's Letters: I am quite delighted with them. We were in Penwortham wood to-day, and seemed quite in our element. In the wild wood's secret place I plucked some of the 'primrose stars' for my dearest distant friend, and have sent them, with your Mary's love; also a few snow-drops."

TO THE SAME.

"*Preston, March* 21*st*, 1837.

"In the February Magazine there is a review of Harris's 'Christian Citizen.' There is one extract which tells a fearful tale, (page 27.) To think of the Christian's responsibility is really an awful subject; but one that ought to be considered. Mr. A.'s second sermon was on this subject. I was much struck with it, and ashamed of myself. To say that I was delighted with Mr. A.'s preaching is too little; but I cannot now enter into particulars. He will truly shine bright at that day when all earthly distinctions are set aside, and when things are seen as they really are."

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CHAPTER VI.

"The main fault of the present day is the making knowledge and intellectual advancement the great object of pursuit, instead of that moral improvement by which we may be fitted for a higher and better state."—*Wilberforce.*

Miss Fishwick now returned home, not to relinquish her favourite studies, but to unite with them pursuits of a more domestic nature; although these were much less congenial to her taste. From this there often arose a conflict between her inclination and her sense of duty; a conflict not unknown to many young persons of a like character with Miss Fishwick. It was a struggle of frequent occurrence at this time; eventually her enlightened judgment yielded to the conviction, that it was equally her advantage to become acquainted with the thousand little niceties that conduce so much to the enjoyment of domestic life, as to attend solely to the cultivation of her intellectual endowments. As so many of the sweet charities and amenities that render the social circle a charmed spot, an oasis in the world's wide desert, arise from attentions to minute circumstances in domestic details, the knowledge of these by a young lady ought not to be considered as trifling and unimportant. This knowledge, like the delicate shading in a well-finished

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picture, thrown in without being apparent to an unpractised eye, tells most effectively in its general results.

As a pupil, Miss Fishwick's conduct was marked by an attentive compliance with the wishes of her teachers, a uniform endeavour to realize their highest expectations, and a constant effort to excel in whatever she undertook. Her powerful mind seemed almost intuitively to grasp whatever was presented to it. She was in the habit of reading works on subjects of general literature, and making copious extracts from them: many memoranda found among her private papers prove the close application she paid to these pursuits. She was thoroughly conversant with general history. The elements of astronomy, geology, metaphysics, chemistry, and mechanics, afforded her pleasant and interesting subjects for investigation. Music, French, and drawing, shared her attention; in the latter art she was almost an enthusiast; and her finished and masterly style of execution frequently excited the surprise of those whose opinion merited respect.

Although her mind was a rich storehouse of materials well arranged, yet her object being the acquirement of knowledge, not the display of it, her manners, though dignified, were unas-

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suming, being characterized by genuine delicacy and humility. Her natural buoyancy of spirits often carried her, it must be admitted, to the verge of consistency, and sometimes infringed on that sobriety and watchfulness which become the Christian disciple. She felt and lamented this liability. Often, under the fear that she had indulged in too much levity, she fled again to the atoning sacrifice, and laid hold afresh of the strength of her Redeemer.

Such was Mary Fishwick in her seventeenth year: amiable, accomplished, and intelligent; frank, kind, and obliging in her manner to all; free from affectation and vanity; gaining the love and esteem of those who knew her; above all, offering herself as a "living sacrifice" to Him from "whom proceeds every good and perfect gift." Her affectionate friends saw in her much cause for gratitude to God, who had so abundantly given his blessing to their efforts to educate her in his fear, and according to his word. They fondly looked forward to much domestic enjoyment in the society of one so eminently calculated to gladden, cheer, and enliven the social circle.

From her endeared home she again addresses her friend Miss F.:—

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"*Springfield, April* 22*d*, 1837.

"I feel quite delighted again to date a letter from my own beloved Springfield. I was much struck with the beautiful hymn you named for our mutual meditation. It is one of my greatest favourites; every line seems replete with beauty, and the last lines form a climax of sublimity:—

'Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
And God be all in all.'

O, my dearest friend, how utterly trifling seems the enjoyment of every thing earthly, when brought into contrast with the peace which passeth all understanding! O what a paradise should we enjoy, could we know no will but the will of that Being who maketh 'all things work together for good to them that love him!' It appears to me that a want of resignation implies a want of confidence in the knowledge and power of our heavenly Father. I long to fix my mind on things above; I see nothing is of importance but the one thing needful.

"Again, my dear Miss F., would I commend you to 'my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.' All here join in kindest love to you and Mrs. F.

"I remain, my dear friend, your own

"M. F."

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TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, May 5th*, 1837.

"We were through the wood a day or two ago: it is very beautiful now. Perhaps you may remember that it is a year to-morrow since you and we spent that pleasant day in it. We are quite rusticating at present; spending as much time out of doors as we can afford. On Tuesday we sowed the annuals; which is always, like the caraway harvest, a time of merriment. I have sent the last two volumes of Homer: I beg you will keep them as long as wanted. I have seen a remark somewhere, that I think must be very correct, that the Iliad is the production of the genius of Homer when like the sun at mid-day; the Odissey, when like the sun at sunset,—with much less power, and also with less of the power to dazzle."

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, May 23d*, 1837.

"We have had some pleasant walks lately. One day through Woodacre wood, we had to walk in some parts over a carpet of flowers. The country looks very rich and pretty now. Though at S. you have the sublimest of nature's works, the restless ocean, you cannot boast a

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very extensive forest. The little rustic chapel in your neighbourhood would be very pretty if transplanted into this wood. The cottage in the wood looks beautiful; but the builder of it is no more. Poor T. S.! Thus we must all perish; the place that knows us now will shortly know us no more for ever. And what is the immortality of fame? When shall we be able to say from our hearts,—

'Keep me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone?'

I candidly confess I cannot, and I comfort myself with the thought that it is not in the Bible. I think the spirit of the Bible is, 'Whoso loveth father or mother, &c., more than me, cannot be my disciple.' Still the further we are from the path of danger, the nearer we are to that of safety. Can you give me any information on this subject, namely, how far earthly objects may be loved, without infringing on the right of the heavenly one? And will you tell me if that line,—

'Keep me little and unknown,'

ought to be the sentiment of the heart? If my view is wrong, I shall be most happy to be set right; but I must confess I should be better pleased to find that your opinions and mine coincide."

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TO THE SAME.

Without date.

"Dear Mrs. B. said to me, when wishing me a happy new year, 'I never can wish for my friends perfect health; it is not the happiest state.' I could not then imagine how this could be true: since then I have found that I should almost use the language for my own, so impressed have I been with the truth of it. I had always a dread of sickness; but, for the last month, I have felt resigned to whatever may be my lot. I have often heard you allude to the sweetness of that state; but never till now did I understand it. My heart used to veil a wish for health under a desire to be useful; and for life, under the same covering; but now the language of my soul is,

'Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be his guest.'

My beloved father and mother, you, my dear friend, and others who are twined round my soul, instead of, as once they did, detaining me here, now draw me to a holier sphere. That sweet hymn,—

'How happy every child of grace,'

in many parts is the language of my heart; yes,

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'What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home?'

The strong ties of earth are loosed, ready to be dropped at the word of command, and to be rebound more firmly in that world where we shall unite in singing, 'Worthy is the Lamb.' Often have my sorrows been softened by being given to you; and now my joys will be doubled by being communicated. O, my dear Miss F., may I ever be enabled to live in the spirit of my duty. I must conclude.

"A kind good night, from your own

"MARY."

TO THE SAME.

"*June*, 1837.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—What can I offer you? What, for all I owe you? Alas! nothing but a heart; a heart that loves but few: but round those that it does love it flings its spirit, its soul, its all. Would I could make you any other return for the balm, the consolation, the advice, you have given me; for all this I can offer nothing but love,

'Flung, like myrrh, on winds of Araby.'

I have just read your welcome note, and feel delighted, more than delighted, to find that I have a place in the heart's shrine where I

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would live for evermore. My dear friend, your sorrows are mine, your joys mine. Are not our hopes the same? Yea, are we not one in heart? I trust we are. We are both engaged in the same strife for life, eternal life; and I am certain that the one who first obtains the prize will greet the other on the banks of deliverance, and we shall together go,

'With rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.'

Love, such love as ours, is not to

'Perish with the rose's breath,
Or melt like song away from festal bowers.'

No; a long eternity of bliss is before us. We shall ere long see Him whom our souls desire to love.

'O, what a blessed hope is ours!'

The hymn Miss Fishwick here refers to was a particular favourite with her through life; and on many a happy sabbath morning and evening have the family joined in singing it at her solicitation. She delighted in being thus engaged in the domestic circle on the Lord's day; considering it as anticipatory of those nobler strains in which the whole company of

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the redeemed shall join, when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads."

TO MISS F.

"*Springfield, July 19th*, 1837.

"I really think I must not attempt to deliver all the thanks with which I was charged, for I am sure my memory does not serve me with all; so I shall content myself with simply begging you to accept our best thanks for your kindness. Indeed, I suppose, when all the complimental speeches that will hang together are used, they do not contain one particle more either of kindness or gratitude than the good, homely, old-fashioned phrase, 'Thank you.'

"But I am not at all in the mood for writing this afternoon, and have too much regard for your eyes and patience to trouble you to decipher a full sheet, knowing that though 'one cannot have too much of a good thing,' yet the less one has of a bad, the better. In accordance, therefore, with the first part of this maxim, I shall expect a very long letter from you; and lest I should appear to have forgotten the second, I will conclude, by subscribing myself, your own affectionate

"MARY FISHWICK."

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TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, August 7th*, 1837.

"We have had a mournful day to-day: we have just returned from seeing the corpse of poor M. A. In this case mercy was indeed mixed with judgment. He that hath said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' and, 'Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved,' is indeed a promise-keeping God: who shall limit him?

'Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.'

As I looked at her, I could not but long to 'lie in her stead;' to hear the 'harp-notes of another sphere;' to go to Jesus. My dear friend, it will not be long ere we too shall cross the flood, the narrow stream (O, how narrow!) that sunders us from the land of the blessed.

'A stranger in this world below,
I only sojourn here.'

I love to contemplate death as a friend; perhaps it is presumption, or, at least, ignorance of that pang; but there is to me such fulness of bliss in the idea of seeing Jesus, that I cannot shrink from even the cold waters."

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TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, September 7th*, 1837.

"My Dearest Friend,—O, how I wish that I had you now seated by me! then I could say much to you, and tell you much; but so it is,—when you are here, I feel as if I could not say what I wish, could not communicate my ideas. In heaven it will not be so; there will then be an eternal interchange of thought. But what a comfort to know, that 'love orders the plan!' That passage has often brought peace and repose to my mind, and to yours also, I have no doubt: 'He that spared not his own Son,' &c., 'how shall he not with him also freely give us all things!'

"I had a note from my kind, dear friend, Miss E. P., yesterday. I was much struck with the seal; a rose without a thorn, and the motto, 'May it ever be thine!' Now this is beautiful, yet it is not to be desired; for did we never feel the thorn, and never fear it, we should grasp the rose too fondly, too closely. I used to long for these flowers of Eden, for myself or my friends; but I no longer do so. O, that we were always more ready to say, 'Father, not my will, but thine, be done!' May we not both pray to be resigned to

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'Whatsoe'er the cup of life may brim?'

O, we shall be happiest then.

"This day week we spent in Liverpool. We did indeed enjoy our Welsh tour. The country is beautiful beyond every thing I ever saw; and, here, as in many other cases, I have to lament the impossibility of making words picture things. The ride between Corwen and Bangor was the most sublime part of our journey; the most likely to suit either your taste or mine. We saw Snowdon most part of the way. Our route was from Eastham to Chester, thence to Ruabon; the next day to Langollen, Corwen, Capel Curig, &c., to Bangor; on the Wednesday across to Menai bridge, to Beaumaris; back to Bangor, and forward to Conway; on Thursday from Conway to Abergelle, St. Asaph, part of the Vale of Clwyd, Holywell, Flint, to Eastham; and thence, in a steamer, to Liverpool."

With the tour Miss Fishwick alludes to in the preceding letter she was highly gratified, and wrote a spirited journal of it, for the amusement of her friends.

Her admiration of the sublime and beautiful in nature was unceasing; even the objects most familiar and common to every one were

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to her an unfailing source of delight. The magnificent glow of the setting sun;

"The peerless moon-beam's silent sheen;"

the wide expanse of the star-gemmed heavens; the unfolding beauties of the opening spring; the luxuriant foliage of summer; the rich, mellow tints of autumn; the snowy fringes of the trees, scathed by the winter's blast; all called forth the adoring admiration, the grateful praise, the hallowed rapture, of her highly-cultivated mind.

She enjoyed the natural world as God's creation; while, at the same time, she was happily preserved from imbibing the spirit, maxims, and follies of worldly life. She lived while

"Life was luxury, and friendship truth;"

and often expressed her conviction that the Christian had far greater inducements to cheerfulness, and the enjoyment of present things, than any one else. She frequently quoted Miss Jewsbury's lines,—

"I would not to this world be blind, deaf, dumb;
Yet see, admire, love most, the world to come."

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CHAPTER VII.

"Opportunities of travel, rightly used as they occur, provide a delicious store of reflection for the day of retirement, and prove a pure source of calm delight to every rational mind."—*Sherer.*

In the autumn of this year the family spent a few weeks at Blackpool. Miss Fishwick very much enjoyed this visit. The following letter to her intimate friend, while it portrays the warmth of her affection to those she loved, also strikingly exhibits the devout feelings of her heart, and her constant aim to draw instruction from every passing incident.

TO MISS F.

"*Blackpool, October 5th,* 1837.

"I feel a very great wish to address you again, once again, ere you leave P.; to write to a place which will ever be dear to me, and where I have spent many, many happy hours; but which will henceforth seem a forsaken spot, 'a deserted house.' Yes, I have always looked upon it as one of my homes. But what does it signify? for I know that I have still a home in the dear hearts that are leaving it, where I would for ever dwell enshrined: nevertheless, when I look at P., as I was connected with it a year

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ago, and as existing now, without one link to bind me to it, save the cherished remembrance of what was, but never again may be, it makes me feel very sad. Well, wherever you go, you will not forget us: and we shall not, cannot, forget you, whose remembrance is with our 'very heart-strings twined.'

'Alone by grove, by shore, by sea,
We think of thee.'

"Another friend has now joined our party here; uncle Fishwick came on Thursday. We spent the greatest part of this morning in building a sand-castle; that is, Miss P., brother, and I did. It was named 'Fort William,' in honour of our guest. It was to be the *chef d'œuvre* of the architects. Both while in progress and when finished, many were induced to linger and gaze on it. While building it I was often reminded of those lines,—

'O, visions less beguiling far,
Than waking dreams by daylight are!'

This, you will say, does not apply correctly. True, it does not; but I think you will understand how I mean to use it. That was not the first fair castle I have built that has been doomed to be washed away: some I hoped would have endured. Yes, 'there is no

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house on the shores of time, that may not be reached by the dark waves of sorrow and disappointment.' But the waves of disappointment are sent by the hand of a Father; and those hopes, those wishes, that thus fail us, are built, like my castle, on the sand, and not on the rock, and are washed away in mercy always; but sometimes in mercy and judgment. 'Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone.' When I read that, I always tremble, and my heart says,—

> 'Lest that my fearful case should be,
> Each moment knit my soul to thee.'

My poor castle furnished me with some moral lessons. We watched it till the tide came, and not one vestige remained of what had engaged much time and attention. Like earthly hope, it carried in itself a certainty of destruction.

"From the room I am writing in, we have a noble view of the sea. At this moment it is rolling and dashing along most gloriously. We return to Springfield on Monday. There is one feeling, on leaving the sea-side, that is very comforting, namely, that when you return to it again, the sea will still be the same; unchanging and unchanged. The lapse of years may destroy the beauty of another prospect; but

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when we next see this, we shall find it as it is now.

"Thanks to Mr. T., we have no lack of book amusement; we have the Life of James Beattie, LL.D., the Life of Peter the Great, &c.

"Again, in the best sense of the word, adieu, from your sincerely devoted

"MARY."

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, October 19th*, 1837.

"O, could I pour out the full feelings of my heart to you! but I cannot. One thing I can say,—The last three verses of the ninety-first Psalm I feel as if I could claim for you: 'Because he hath set his love upon me,' &c. What a promise is that! Now when I think of you, my dearest friend, these promises comfort me; for I remember they are as much yours as mine; that the same fulness of love that has guarded me all my days is also extended to you; and that the divine Disposer of all events loveth you better than I can love you. These thoughts remove all my anxiety. And again: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble,' &c. Not only in the day of my trouble, but in that of my friends, may I call upon the Lord for the protection and blessings needed for them.

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"We have been at Lancaster to-day, through the castle. I was greatly interested with it. Those lines were much on my mind,—

'Ask not thou if crime or care
Has placed the weary captive there:
He is bound, and thou art free,
And thy song of joy should be
Mingled with an earnest cry
For prisoners, in their misery.'"

TO MISS E. P.

"*Springfield, October*, 1837.

"It seems to me but a short time since I wrote to you; and I am quite startled to remember that then we had the beautiful summer in prospect, but that now we can consider it but in retrospect, as for ever past and gone.

"Now a grave hue rests on our lovely trees; but I do not think I ever saw winter come in a less forbidding form than this year. The leaves seem to look more lovely as they fade from our view: they seem so naturally to lead our minds to that land where 'the roses do not fade,' where the 'eye is all fire, and the heart is all flame.' O, my dear Miss E., on my part the past year has been marked with fresh instances of ingratitude, coldness, and unfaithfulness; while, on the part of my God, its history has

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been filled with loving-kindness, patience, and long-suffering! I feel ready to exclaim,—

'Whence to me this boundless love?'

And then, when I look at my Redeemer, and see all my mercies as flowing through him, they do indeed bear a higher value. Even with that expressive and beautiful passage before our eyes, 'God is love,' we should never have dared to draw nigh, on account of our imperfections and short-comings, were it not for an assurance like this: 'Our great High Priest ever liveth to make intercession for us,' and he is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmity; for he was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin.'

"There are some beautiful ideas in a work I have just been reading, on coming to God through Christ, and on the difference between drawing nigh as a pardoned criminal, tolerated merely through the intercession of Christ; and as a son, as one accepted through the Beloved, whom the Father himself loveth, well pleased through the Son. I was much struck with this distinction.

"I quite agree with you, my dear friend, on the subject you name,—the 'self-appropriation of the promises,'—*My* Lord, and *my* God; *my*

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Rock, and *my* Fortress, &c. Our religion is truly a feeling religion."

TO MISS F.

"*November*, 1837.

"My own Dear Miss F.,—I am turning, with great pleasure, from the perusal of Télémaque, Hamel, Pourquet, &c., to the much more delightful occupation of writing to you.

"To your aspiration, my dear friend,

'O that in unfetter'd union
Spirit could with spirit blend!'

my soul fervently responds,

'O that in unseen communion
Thought could hold the distant friend!'

But this is one of the links to draw us to heaven. There will be no separation in that land. Yet even in this wilderness,

'Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.'

"How correctly is this called 'a vale of tears!' Those who weep not for themselves, must weep for others; and though our path may be through a garden of roses, yet our sympathies are excited for those who have to tread among the rough thorns and briers of the wilderness.

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"Are you an admirer of Thomas à Kempis? I am a very great one. I should like to know what you think of him. I quite long to see you again.

'If time in its flight a moment brings
Of hallow'd and pure delight,
It is when the parted, the loved, return,
To bless our longing sight.

'When sorrow and absence have long oppress'd
The soul with their dreary power,
O, to what welcome and joyous thing
Shall we liken the meeting hour?'"

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, November*, 1837.

"I write to you on the evening of one of the loveliest days that we have had for some time. This morning all was covered with hoar-frost, and every branch and leaf of every bush glittered and sparkled with beautiful drops; but when the sun gained a little more strength, it literally 'drank the dew;' for from every shrub and tree there arose a delicate, floating, curling vapour; the light and graceful gossamer danced in the breeze, and every thing looked fair and happy. The air has had a peculiar feeling to-day, as if to cheer us by assuming the appearance of those sweet, sunny, smiling spring mornings,

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when every thing rejoices. Had it not been for the twitter so peculiar to this season, and the scathed foliage, there was nothing to remind one of autumn, 'that time of change.'

"We have had a delightful walk to-day, along the foot of the hill, to where I love to stand all alone, and lose myself in a pleasant reverie. Here could I stand till the shades of evening fall around me. No sound of man broke upon my ear; all the music of that hour was the music of nature. Such enjoyment is almost too delicious for earth; the dreams that rise are almost too thrilling; to be all alone in such scenery as this is a great luxury to me. I cannot pour out all my feelings and thoughts; but I can assure you that those that love me, those that are loved by me, are not forgotten in such moments. But action, action is what we are called to; and we must leave the world of thought, of feeling, and of beauty, where we could for ever dwell and revel, and come forth into a sterner world of action: though we may visit the other for pleasure, yet here lies our duty.

"What a comfort it is that even our common lot, our daily path is strewed with flowers; that there we may have enjoyment; and that though we must encounter thorns, yet, if we

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choose, we may also gather roses! You will remember, in Mrs. Barbauld's 'Hymns in Prose,' a beautiful idea: 'Therefore will we thank him for ourselves, we will thank him for those that cannot speak. We will not offer you in sacrifice, but we will offer sacrifice for you, even the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise.'

"I have much to say to you. I could write all night. I have felt the greatest pleasure in working the enclosed work-bag for your acceptance. Will you favour me by using it as a memento of my affection? The design is the forget-me-not and the weeping-willow. And when the willow grows over my head, you will not, I know, forget me."

These impassioned overflowings of a grateful heart, when contemplating the beauties of nature, will wake a responsive chord in many a youthful bosom; while the chastened glow with which Miss Fishwick turns from the world of sentiment and of fancy to that of duty and of action, will give delight to many of more advanced progress in the way to Zion.

She had ever a high relish for natural scenery, a relish that was elevated, not damped, by her being enabled to

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"Look up to heaven with unpresumptuous gaze,
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all.'"

On such occasions the feelings of her heart were often poured forth in passages of exquisite beauty from the works of some of our modern poets. Her astonishing grasp of memory seemed never exhausted in quoting poetry. Her fine taste enabled her at first sight to seize on the most finished and elegant lines in any piece that she met with; and apparently without effort they were transferred to the tablet of her own mind.

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, November* 16*th*, 1837.

"'Two good things are better than one.' So said I, as I received your two most kind and valued letters. I was delighted to hear of the improvement in your health; I will sing the praises of S., I owe it much for your sake. But why should I praise it? No; it is to the Father of all our mercies that my thanks, my adoration, are due, first, for giving me your friendship, and then for blessing you with an increase of health and strength. I have no doubt that, when bending low before the eternal throne, I shall adore and extol the wisdom and

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the mercy that have given me the love and friendship of my dear and valued friend.

"Those lines in Ezekiel have rung in my ears lately, 'If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood shall be required at thy hand.' O my dear friend, this is an awful threatening, and I am not clear from it.

'Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?'

It seems, with regard to myself, to argue but little love to my Redeemer, that I am so rarely found endeavouring to spread the knowledge of his name. Can you suggest any new plan of doing good to our Sunday-school children? With my girls, every thing seems to fail, and yet the fault must be in me; for our heavenly Father says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' and, 'In due season we shall reap, if we faint not.' With these promises, how can I think of fainting? Will you pray for me, that these dear girls may be brought to seek their peace in God? O, how awful, if through my neglect any one of them should perish in that dark and downward way!

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"I feel, with you, that the precious blood of atonement is increasingly valuable. The language of my heart in some degree accords with that verse,—

'Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call,' &c.

In answer to that precept, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence,' I would say, O Lord, keep thou my heart; I am weak, keep thou my heart."

The following is extracted from a letter written about this time to an aged and highly respected minister, the Rev. J. Phillips, for whom she entertained a strong regard. Indeed, her attachment to all whom she considered as faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus was throughout life unshaken and unwavering. Many of these have expressed their deep impression of her constant flow of kindness to them; particularly of the cordial greeting with which she was accustomed to receive them at her father's house, and the cheering influence, the sunny glow, which her lively yet hallowed spirit seemed to shed on all around her.

"*Springfield, Dec. 19th*, 1837.

"My Dear Sir,—I am truly sensible of your great kindness in favouring me with a letter; I have read it again and again, and

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have, I trust, derived not only pleasure, but profit, from the perusal of the very valuable advice it contains. I have been much struck with a remark you made on the constancy of the promises of our promise-keeping God. I often wonder that, with so many gracious assurances of divine faithfulness before my eyes; with the example of so many who have trusted in God, and have not been put to confusion; and with the remembrance of the past instances of his loving kindness and mercy of which I have been the recipient; I should ever again be inclined to feel a doubt as to his willingness to answer prayer. Lately I have been led to see the fulness of the promise, 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' This seems to authorize us to ask, for instance, for the salvation of some individual with perfect confidence, and without doubting: may I ask you, my dear Mr. P., as a very great favour, that some time you will take the trouble to inform me if I am correct in this idea? I am aware that the answer to prayer is often given in a manner very different from what may be expected; yet this seems to promise, that, at some time, and in some way, a decided answer will be given."

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This letter introduces a subject which lay near the heart of this estimable young lady; that is, her desire for the salvation of individual persons who were specially laid on her mind. Her power as an intercessor with God has already been noticed. It ought not to be passed over in silence, that she often felt strong yearnings of soul for the eternal good of those to whom, in some instances, she was personally unknown; and she not only interceded herself, but also engaged her friends to plead on their behalf. Such was the case with respect to one whose powerful advocacy at the bar she had had the gratification of hearing. She identified him, with regard to his intellectual rank, as "the crowned one;" (alluding to Mrs. Opie's lines bearing that title;) and in soliciting for him the prayers of a friend, touchingly urged her request by saying, "Probably

'There is no one to pray for the crown'd one's soul.'"

Another person who thus engaged her prayers and sympathies was a poor unfriended boy, who came to work for a time in the village adjoining Springfield. Before he had resided there long, he began to attend divine worship; and his heart appeared to be brought under a gracious influence. Not long after he

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left the place; and Miss Fishwick then mentioned to her friend, Miss P., how often she had been prompted to wrestle with God on behalf of this friendless lad; and that she believed the serious impressions made on his mind were in answer to her prayers. She was accustomed to take hold of the promises of God in the simplicity of child-like confidence, both for herself and others; and though she might not always witness the answer of her prayers with regard to others, there is no doubt that they returned in blessings on her own head. "He that watereth others, shall be watered himself."

CHAPTER VIII.

"They that are most qualified to be of greatest use in this world, are thereby also the more capable of blessedness in the other. Of their early piety He makes great present use in this world; testifying his acceptance of their works generally in his word, and particularly by the reputation he procures to them in the minds and consciences of such as are best able to judge."—*Howe.*

Miss Fishwick had now entered on the last year of her short pilgrimage. In the eyes of those around her, she was appearing as a polished corner-stone in the temple of the Lord;

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she was rising as a plant of beauty and usefulness, that should be to the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting remembrance; rapidly unfolding new excellences and becoming all that her most affectionate friends could wish to see. Her health, which for some time had not been robust, seemed more confirmed and established, and her friends fondly anticipated her being long spared, as a blessing to them, to the church, and to the world. But He whose judgments are unsearchable knows best when to take his servants home; and, as an old writer remarks, "It is a piece of divine royalty and magnificence, that when he hath prepared and polished such an instrument, as to be capable of great service, he can lay it by without loss." Though "clouds and darkness are round about him," her mourning relatives feel well satisfied that "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

In the beginning of the year 1838 it was noticed by the friends whom Miss Fishwick was then visiting, that there was a deeper tide of religious feeling about her than they had ever witnessed before. Her naturally volatile spirits and exuberant imagination seemed checked and chastened by this holier current; and there is reason to believe that it con-

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tinued to flow without an ebb till she received the summons to join the church triumphant.

As a daughter she was exemplary for deep filial respect, strong affection, and prompt obedience. To her mother she was becoming most fully a companion and friend, esteeming it one of her highest pleasures to anticipate her wishes, and to conform to her views and actions as far as possible.

Her warm attachment to her only brother, eight years younger than herself, was evidenced by her unceasing anxiety to promote his intellectual and spiritual welfare, embracing every favourable opportunity of conversing with him on religious subjects, and often leading him to the footstool of mercy with earnest supplications.

Her natural disposition was generous, ardent, open, and affectionate. Strong and warm attachments were interwoven with her existence. Hers was a heart that fondly, fully, faithfully reposed on those whom she had once chosen as her friends; fervently returning the love bestowed upon her. The interests of her friends were identified with her own, or rather, they were preferred before her own. She would undertake any duty, accomplish any toil, overcome every difficulty, for the sake of those

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whom she loved; her energies always rising in proportion to the emergency of the circumstances which called them forth. In those to whom she had once given her affections, she could discern no faults; her warm feelings ever prompted her to take the bright view of their characters, without looking at the other side; or, if obliged to do so, she speedily covered their failings and deficiencies with the thick mantle of charity.

Those who enjoyed this friendship, feel that the remembrance of it is sweet and fragrant; and though they mourn over "joys departed," they fondly cherish the hope of reunion with her "where their intercourse shall know no interruption, their bliss no bound, their rapture no restraint, their eternity no end."

She was remarkably careful to redeem the time: with her

"Few moments linger'd unemploy'd."

Whatever she undertook she entered into with all her might; and through this concentration of purpose, combined with diligence in improving time, she accomplished much, with regard to the benefit of others, that would have been impracticable to a less energetic mind.

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"As if on earth aware how short her stay,
She made her morning bear the heat of day."

She greatly admired decision of character; and though in her own estimation she was deficient in this quality, such was not the judgment of her friends. Whenever it was necessary for her to act on her own responsibility, it was done with promptitude and decision. The clear apprehension, and habit of sound reasoning, on which her judgment was founded, led her, when she had once made a determination, most firmly to adhere to it.

She possessed a large share of that "charity which beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth." Her religion was eminently of a practical, diffusive character. Her generosity and benevolence, having been judiciously fostered, encouraged, and directed, flowed forth in unwearied efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual good of all around her. She manifested an ardent sympathy for all that were in distress; and it was her delight to go about, as a ministering angel, with messages of mercy to the sad, the sick, and the suffering. If one object presented itself more desolate and forsaken than another, that was the one to which her attention was the most strenuously directed. She was em-

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phatically a lover of the poor. She not only delighted in supplying their wants, but in doing it in the way calculated to give the most pleasure, by attention to the almost nameless *minutiæ* of accent, manner, time, &c. When performing an act of kindness, she won for herself a place in the warm affections of all who shared her sympathy.

Though it was Miss Fishwick's privilege to possess a commanding mind, which enabled her "to soar to what was high, to dive to what was deep, and to grasp what was extensive;" she was never by that induced to come forward in general society unless required to do so; and though well qualified to shine in conversation, her deportment was constantly marked by the most perfect modesty and freedom from affectation. The evidence she gave of her mental superiority was,—that she seemed ever ready to prefer others before herself, and felt a deeper sense of obligation to Him from whom she derived her all, to lay out to interest the talents with which she was intrusted. Her inextinguishable thirst after knowledge continually prompted her "to seek after and intermeddle with all wisdom," while, with a happy facility and suavity of manner, she drew out information from all with whom she came in

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contact. Her habit of attentively examining every subject that presented itself, enabled her to form a correct estimate, and to express her sentiments with ease and perspicuity.

Sheltered as Miss Fishwick appeared to be from outward temptations and trials, she had yet to contend with our common adversary and fallen nature; as well as with a particular class of trials arising from the possession of a mind like hers.

In her path there were many temptations to cultivate intellect, at the expense of spirituality; to loiter and revel amid the beauteous creations of poetry, taste, and feeling; as well as to become absorbed in more grave and abstract studies, to the exclusion of the influential view of eternal realities.

She had many allurements to withdraw too much from what appeared to her as the trifling pursuits and occupations of common life. Temptations also to take pride in intellectual attainments, and to sigh for literary distinctions, were not wanting; but to the glory of divine grace it must be recorded, that she did not enter into these; she overcame them through the blood of the Lamb. They are named here to prove that life, under all circumstances, is a state of

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probation, and that no situation is exempt from trial. For the last twelve months of her life, especially, she was enabled to take a proper estimate of these subjects, and to labour with a more single eye for the honour which cometh from God alone.

She was a diligent student and lover of the word of God. From a child it was her privilege to know the Scriptures; and with increasing years, she found in them an increasing mine of spiritual wealth. Her religious views were Scriptural and clear; she cordially embraced and greatly delighted in the doctrine of justification by faith alone; she received no opinion without having first brought it to the touchstone of God's word, when it was adopted or rejected, according as she was satisfied by that reference. With the doctrines of the ruin, the redemption, and the regeneration of man, as taught in the Bible, she was familiarly acquainted.

Her reading in theology was extensive. On the subject of divine foreknowledge and human free agency her thoughts were long and deeply engaged. Whitby's Discourses on the Five Points, Fletcher's Works, and portions of Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary, as well as frequent conversations with some of

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her judicious friends, were instrumental in delivering her mind from perplexing doubts and reasonings.

At the same time that Miss Fishwick conscientiously received and adhered to these doctrinal views, she was eminently freed from narrow, bigoted, sectarian feelings. Her spirit was truly catholic; loving with a pure heart fervently all who loved the Lord Jesus, and giving the right hand of fellowship to all, by whatever name distinguished, of whom she believed that they feared God and worked righteousness.

She rejoiced to hear of the prosperity of every section of the church of Christ; considering the different bodies of professing Christians as constituting

"One army of the living God."

She longed that there should be no heart-burnings or jealousies among them, no falling out by the way; but that each division should "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." She considered it an honour and a privilege to be united with one division of this army, and greatly prized the private and social means of grace which as a member of the Wesleyan society she so richly enjoyed. Frequently in her correspondence

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she alludes to the sacred and hallowed seasons she then experienced, entering into the spirit of those beautiful lines of the sweet bard of Methodism:—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!"

The thoughts and aspirations of her soul were often directed to that glorious consummation. One of the aspects under which she was accustomed to delight in the contemplation of that eternal state of blessedness was, as being the place where knowledge as well as love would be perfected; being no longer circumscribed by our dwelling in houses of clay.

Miss Fishwick was warmly attached to her uncle Fishwick, and to her late amiable and truly excellent aunt; a lady possessed in no small degree of rare mental endowments, deep piety, and unbounded zeal in the cause of her Redeemer.

Her frequent visits to Springfield had greatly endeared her to her niece; and the early and somewhat sudden removal of one so universally beloved left a wide and mournful breach in the family circle. Though young, Miss Fishwick was capable of appreciating the irreparable

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loss which her dear uncle and his three infant daughters (the eldest then only four years old) had sustained. The former had lost a faithful, affectionate, and beloved wife; the latter, the most tender, yet judicious of mothers. The peculiar circumstances of these dear little cousins gave them special interest in Miss Fishwick's affections, and laid them very near her warm and sympathizing heart. Had she been spared, in all probability she would have been a great blessing to them. She had of late become particularly interested about them, and to the eldest, then ten years of age, she addressed the following letter:—

"*Springfield, January*, 1838.

"My Dear Cousin,—Allow me to present my thanks to you for the very beautiful painting you so kindly sent me. I felt much gratified by it, and shall prize it exceedingly as your gift.

"I hope, my dear Betsy, that some time before long we shall meet; and I have no doubt but we shall spend many happy hours together. When you have finished your education, you will have more time, and then we shall often hope to see you and your dear sisters at Springfield. In the mean while, my

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dear cousin, you know we can correspond; and I shall hope to receive a long letter from you when you can devote a little time to writing.

"I have sent you a copy of some poetry which I very much admire: I think you also will be pleased with it. It will indeed be a happy meeting when we are all reunited in that

'Happy, happy land;
For there doth many a loved one dwell
In light and joy ineffable!'

We have both many friends who are now before the throne, who have for ever done with sorrow and grief; and I trust we are both following them, and that we shall soon be made partakers of their blessedness.

"I have no doubt but you often think of your beloved mother. We frequently talk of her, and lament her early removal from this 'world of wo and weeping;' and yet this is almost selfish; for we may go to her, though she shall not return to us. We all loved her very much; and I always think of her as a bright example, one that I would wish to imitate. Let us both, my dear Betsy, try to emulate her; to give ourselves in early life to Him who hath done so much for us. You know,

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'A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.'

"I trust you will not think I have written in too serious a strain: indeed, I know you will not; for I feel assured you know these things to be all important, and I hope you have already made choice of the God of your fathers to be your portion and your friend. Allow me to remind you of a verse which I dare say you know:—

'Now in thy youth beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his love in thy heart become not dim,
Nor his light be unforgot:
And thy God in the darkest of days shall be
Beauty, and greenness, and strength to thee.'

"I often think of you, my dear cousin, and wish that you were rather nearer us, and where we could see you more frequently. Will you give my very kind love to cousins S. and A., and thank them both from me for their kind presents? My brother joins me in kindest love to yourself and your dear sisters, and cousin H.

"I remain, my dear Betsy, your sincerely attached friend,

"MARY FISHWICK."

During this winter Miss Fishwick again visited her valued friend and correspondent,

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Miss F.; to whom, on her return, she thus writes:—

"It seems like a dream; and I can scarcely believe myself, that I have really been a month at S. How true is the line, that 'joyous hours make themselves wings and flee away ere we have time to grasp them!' But it was a month, and one, apt as are 'the waves of life to wash out the foot-falls of joy,' that will never be effaced from my remembrance.

"The usual forms of polite and complimentary *parlance*, I despise and hate; they are so often used to cloak coldness and indifference. To my own dear friend I would present something warmer,—thanks, flowing from my heart, for all her kindness extended through past years until now.

"I often think, when I look at my own coldness to my Redeemer, that had I the end continually in view, how different would be my conduct, and that my present pursuits and desires, bearing too many of them the stamp of earthliness, and being of the earth, earthy, would give place to holier aspirations, and

'My one desire, my only aim'

would be

'To find the new Jerusalem.'"

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TO MISS E. P.

"*Springfield, Feb.* 13*th*, 1838.

"My Dear Miss E.,—I have been in vain thinking, and trying to remember some news that would interest you. However, as the attempt has been fruitless, I must turn to ourselves. For my own part, I like better a letter which tells me of the thoughts and actions of my friend, than of the world, the busy changing world, with which I have so little sympathy. Perhaps this may be owing, in part, to this secluded situation furnishing us with so little news relative to the outward world, that it leads us to look more within, to the little world there, to watch its motions and fluctuations, and, as it were, to dwell there till it becomes our all. How beautiful is that idea, 'This world is the place for action, the next for rest!' I sometimes fear lest I should forget the admonition, 'Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.' O, when we look at the world, sunk and debased as it is; at 'many-coloured life, which exhibits but one tint, the dark shading of the fall;' at our neighbours, sunk in ignorance of God and of his truth; we feel our hearts burn within us to do some good, to remove some of

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this sin and wretchedness. And yet (I speak only for myself) how apt one is, when one really comes in contact with the wickedness and ignorance one wishes to remove, to feel discouraged by the hardness, or disgusted by the carelessness, of the objects with whom one has to do! You will no doubt have read Abbott's 'Way to do Good.' I like it very much; it seems well calculated to add to zeal, knowledge."

This letter gives a faithful and characteristic sketch of the current and direction which Miss Fishwick's thoughts and actions had assumed for some time. The flame of "burning charity divine" which was kindled in her breast shone forth with hallowed lustre, and continually prompted her to devise new plans and means of usefulness. She had ever felt a strong interest in the establishment of Christianity throughout the world. As a collector for the missions, she was laborious and indefatigable: instant in season and out of season, her zeal was unwearied. Not satisfied with giving herself, and soliciting others to give, she taxed her ingenuity to find out new modes of augmenting her mission fund, and set about accomplishing certain portions of work, in what should have been her hours of leisure, in order to attain this ob-

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ject. At the period now referred to, her state of feeling was correctly depicted in those well-known lines,—

> "What shall I do to make it known,
> What thou for all mankind hast done?"

The thrilling accounts of the state of the Fejee Isles particularly attracted her attention; and she studied how she could raise some special contribution toward the support of that mission. With the assistance of her two most intimate friends, she began to prepare a number of useful and ornamental articles, to be privately disposed of, without its being known to whom they belonged; the proceeds of the sale to be applied in aid of the mission to the Fejees. Her own views and feelings on this subject are stated in a letter to Miss F., April 12th, 1838. She devoted certain portions of her time, and most scrupulously adhered to this appropriation, for working with her pencil and needle in furtherance of this object. If, through unavoidable circumstances, she could not attend to this work at the allotted hours, she embraced the earliest opportunity of doing so; and in labouring for this sacred cause she was diligently employed in the early part of the last week she spent on earth.

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From the commencement to the close of her labours as a Sunday-school teacher, her zeal for the welfare of the children was undiminished; nay, it seemed rather to acquire, with the lapse of years, a more fervid and steady glow. Even when teaching the alphabet to her little charge, she was constantly endeavouring to impress their infant minds with divine truths; and when, contrary to her own wish, she was appointed to the superintendence of a higher class, she felt the increased importance of her situation. She considered herself as responsible, in a certain degree, for the soul of each child thus committed to her care. Frequent allusions to her strong and solemn feelings on this subject are to be met with in her correspondence. Often has she regretted the shortness of the time appropriated to sabbath-school instructions, and expressed her fears that in this brief space she could not fully discharge her duty. From the influence of this feeling arose her anxiety to form a Bible class, that she might (on a Friday evening) have the opportunity of following her beloved girls with line upon line, precept upon precept. She longed to impart to them somewhat of her own rich stores of sacred knowledge; that, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, the Scriptures

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might become to them also, as they were to her, a well of living water, springing up unto eternal life. Her labours in the school were always followed by fervent prayers and supplications, that the Spirit might seal instruction on their hearts. She laid hold of the promises of the gospel, and pleaded them on behalf of these girls, with strong cries and wrestlings, in a manner and with an influence never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to bow with her in those seasons of near approach to the holy of holies.

The last two years of her life were strikingly characterized by an incessant desire for usefulness. She felt the force of the apostle's reasoning, when he writes: "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God with your bodies and spirits which are his." Regarding the whole family of man as the workmanship of her heavenly Father, the objects of his love, the purchase of the blood of Christ, she acted in accordance with a remark she made when writing to a friend in the last month of her existence, "I would love all that God loves." Identifying herself as the sister and friend of the human race, she longed and laboured for the salvation of all; more especially for all to whom she had access.

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Her energetic mind was ever proposing new plans of usefulness: if one failed, another was immediately projected. Her moral courage was undaunted. When walking out for exercise, if she met any one to whom she could with propriety introduce the all-important subject of personal salvation, she shunned not to obey the dictates of her conscience; and there are many who will long remember her kind and fervent expostulations, when urging upon them the inquiry, "Why will ye die?" and telling them of the infinite love of her Redeemer.

She seldom went from home without being well supplied with tracts of different descriptions, for the purpose of leaving them in coaches, packets, &c., or dropping them on the road as she went along. On one excursion,—her tour through North Wales, in the autumn of 1837,—she had forgotten to take her usual supply of these silent messengers of mercy, for which she frequently expressed deep regret and self-reproach.

She loved to visit the cottages of the poor and the ignorant; entering into their sorrows, sympathizing with their sufferings, and administering to their wants, in a manner that obtained for her their esteem and confidence, and a

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grateful welcome to their houses. They were thus prepared to listen to her instructions; and her sabbath afternoons, when not engaged in the school, were frequently devoted to these errands of mercy. Taking her Testament in her pocket, and perhaps a tract or two, she often directed her steps to the houses of those who knew not God. Her own sweet manner was a sure passport to their respect and attention. After reading a portion from the Scriptures, and making a few suitable remarks, she would ask with perfect modesty if it were agreeable that she should pray with them; thus nobly taking up what she often felt to be a cross.

These were not occasional outbreakings of feeling and impulse; they were part of her regular plans; exercises prompted by principle. Of her it might emphatically be said, she was daily occupied with

> "Works of faith on man bestow'd,
> Ceaseless intercourse with God."

When any poor family came to the village, her first inquiries were, could they read? if not, would her services be acceptable in teaching them? From the time she was fourteen years old, she had several pupils of this description;

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nor were these labours of love "in vain in the Lord."

She now rests from her labours; the fruit of them, it is believed, will remain after many days. Her "companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus" cannot but indulge a hope, that her early and glorious removal will be made a general blessing; an effective sealing of her prayers, her purposes, her efforts; that many a young person who has hitherto been "halting between two opinions" will be led from this time to "cry, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth;" and that in a spiritual sense "many a beauteous flower will arise to deck the grave" of their beloved Mary.

Among the letters and papers found after her death, were many unfinished ones, written only with pencil, which she had designed for tracts, hand-bills, and addresses to her Sunday scholars. The following, although very incomplete, may serve as a specimen of the rest: it appears to have been addressed to a young convert, and contains some valuable hints.

"My Dear Young Friend,—I rejoice with you, because you have begun to run Zionward. I fear for you, because you have many enemies; but I hope for you, because you have one

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Friend, who is 'greater than all that can be against you.'

"You have girded on the harness; you have only begun the fight; nay, perhaps you have not yet entered the battle-field, not yet heard the trumpet. You are like a young recruit, who knows nothing of warfare; but who is devotedly and enthusiastically attached to his king, and who is longing to be among the spears, when he may give full proof of his courage and zeal.

"My dear friend, allow one who has felt as you do, to advise you. The hour of conflict will come soon enough, perhaps too soon for you: the young soldier employs his time in preparing for the field; and will you be behind him? The Lord graciously 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' he often gives the young convert a period of peace and quiet, that he may have time to add to his zeal, knowledge, and may be prepared to withstand the wiles of Satan. But I strongly suspect that there is another reason for Satan's forbearance: when the soul is just awakened to a sense of the sweetness of the love of God, it is strong in the strength of the Lord, and in the power of his might; but it feels of itself all weakness. Now Satan knows well the length of his chain;

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for he once strove with his Maker, and he has too vivid a remembrance of that struggle not to know his own impotency against one

'Whose hopes rely on Israel's God.'

But he is watching; and the moment that the language of the young convert is, 'My mountain standeth strong, I shall never be moved,' that moment he springs out of ambush, he seizes you for his own; and unless you humble yourself, and take hold of Him whose 'strength is made perfect in your weakness,' you will assuredly fall by the hand of your adversary. Then, my dear friend, let me strongly recommend you, first, to watch; second, to pray; third, to read; fourth, to work.

"It is much easier to watch than to pray; but we must remember, that though we frequently read of a High Priest being provided, 'who ever liveth to make intercession for us,' we never read in that sense of a watchman. Watching and prayer have been interwoven by our Redeemer; and no earthly power can separate them: it would be as impossible for a soldier to bear the fatigues of long and painful watching, without intervals of rest, as for the heavenly pilgrim to stand continually on his watch-tower without the refreshment of prayer.

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He is sick and weary with watching; he feels himself in a strange land, in an enemy's country; in bitterness he exclaims, 'I shall one day fall by the hand of my foes;' 'I shall become a portion for foxes.' In this sad state he draws nigh to his heavenly Father in prayer; he feels that his prayer is answered; light springs up in his soul; he bounds with vigour to his watch-tower, triumphantly exclaiming, 'Greater is He that is for me than all that can be against me.'

"Or, when his eyes are dim with watching, and his language is, 'O deliver my soul from the hand of the wicked!' he turns to the book of God, and saying, 'Open thou mine eyes,' reads, 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne.' O, precious promise! like the honey into which Jonathan dipped the end of his rod, it enlightens his eyes, it refreshes his soul.

"*Work.* I think I hear you saying, in the overflowing of your zeal,—

> 'If all the world my Saviour knew,
> Sure all the world would love him too.'"

* * * * *

It is much to be regretted that these manuscripts were left in so unfinished a state. However, they sufficiently prove the intentions of their lamented writer.

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On the first of March, 1838, she again addresses Miss F.:—

"We were truly sorry not to hear a better account of Mrs. B. We think much of her, and pray,

> 'When her sorrows most increase,
> May her strongest joys be given.'

While reading the Scriptures the other day, I was much struck with the great number of passages that seemed applicable to her case; promises especially; and I felt it a delightful and encouraging thought, that now, as in days of old, not one shall fail of all the good things that the Lord our God hath spoken concerning us. I almost envy her; she seems so fully on the mount, like Moses with the promised land lying spread out below, full in view; and feeling, as Mr. Booth so sweetly said, 'like a labourer going home, when his day's work was done.'

"For my own part, she is closely entwined about my heart. Will you give my kind love to her? my very kind and sympathizing love, in which mother and Miss P. join."

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CHAPTER IX.

"Life is the dressing-room for eternity."

THE afflictions or bereavements of others called forth the ardent sympathies of Miss Fishwick's affectionate spirit, and at the same time led her the more vividly to realize the hopes and enjoyments of that land where there shall be no more death. Her naturally sprightly and joyous heart was equally ready to "weep with those who weep," as to "rejoice with those who rejoice." She delighted to pour the balm of consolation into the bosom torn with grief or sorrow, and, in diffusing somewhat of her own bright and lively spirit,

"To lure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Her next letter to Miss F. bears date,

"*Springfield, March 8th*, 1838.

"In the Preston newspaper we saw the notice of the death of Mrs. B.'s little babe. This excited our worst fears, and made us think the minutes hours till your letter came. Dear child! his was a short visit to this world; now he rests in peace. Who can tell the sorrows he has escaped? Who can number the tears he must have shed, the pangs he must have

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felt, had he averaged the duration of human life? And now all these things will be for ever unknown to him;

'All unknown the pilgrimage stormy and weary,
From bounding childhood up to tottering age
Cold, gray, and dreary,
All unknown to him.'

"Miss P. has just read to me a beautiful poem, called, 'A long while ago.' It has filled my eyes with tears. O, my days glide on so happily, so like a sunny stream! I am surrounded by the loved and the dear ones, and I rejoice in the beams of their eyes, and the music of their voices; but then the thought comes over me, like a dark cloud, Ah! I am nursing sorrows for another day! There will be a time when I must think of all these pleasures as being 'a long time ago;' when 'through all those dark days fading from their prime,' there will be but the memory of these lovely things;

'Those voices must grow tremulous with age,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom,
Those sparkling eyes be quench'd in bitter tears,
And at the last set darkly in the tomb.'

But upon all these forebodings is written, 'earthliness.' When those eyes set, it will not be darkly, it will not be for ever; but to rise again in that land where no tears will ever dim

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them, where all will be calm, and joy, and peace. These feelings often rise when I gaze on you, and I try to express them, but I cannot; my heart is full.

"How short is time! How soon will all be over, and we gone for ever! What is our present state even at the best, but

> 'An earthly load of death which we call life,
> Which us from life doth sever?'

I think every day I feel more and more convinced, that there is nothing worth living for here, but to prepare for another state; to get well ready, and well away; to strive, at the same time, to fulfil the injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.'

"Friday evening. I did not tell you of a descent I made the other day when riding. I must not say I was thrown from my horse, as that would injure the reputation of my dear pony; nor must I say I fell from it, as that would injure the reputation for horsemanship of my still dearer self: this I will say, however, that one moment I was riding snugly along the road, and the next lying as snugly in

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a good large dub of mire, and that not of 'my own good management either,' as, had my opinion been asked, I can assure you I should not have voted for a change of that kind. I rose directly, and, when a little recovered, walked to a house at a short distance, leaving them to catch Fanny at their leisure. I soon remounted, and rode home. The next morning I felt very stiff, and could scarcely move; so did not rise till late, and the next day I was almost well. It was a merciful preservation. I was enabled, I know not how, to disengage my foot and my habit. Surely goodness and mercy follow me.

"On the Friday we rode out again; and Crane, I suppose, thinking it best not to be a whit behind his elders, near Clifton-Hall, vacated his seat, though not by accepting the stewardship of the Chiltern hundreds: he was no worse. Yesterday we rode out again, having previously enacted, that as falling from a horse was a thing not proper to be confined to one rank of the community, no one of the riders should, under any pretext whatever, perform that feat until the third person has had his turn. As John did not choose to avail himself of his privilege yesterday, we all returned safe and sound."

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The preceding letter gives a specimen of the playful mirth, the lively sallies of wit which were so natural to Miss Fishwick. No melancholy gloom overshadowed her cheerful yet devoted spirit.

On returning home after this "descent," a friend playfully remarked to her, "I am afraid you felt proud and elated with your new horse." "No," she replied emphatically, "I do not think I did; for a long time, I have never mounted without having first asked God's blessing and protection, and it has been vouchsafed to me now, or I should have been more seriously hurt. Without this accident, I should not have had an introduction to that family where I rested a little; and who knows but we may be of some use to them, when we call again to thank them for their kindness?" Thus she was ever watching for opportunities of doing good.

About this time, for the gratification of an absent friend, she wrote several pieces in the character of reviews of works she had been reading. The subjoined is one of them:—

"REVIEW OF 'A LITTLE BOOK, FOR LITTLE READERS.'

"A book of gems: not a collection of prose made to rhyme, but of real, unaffected poetry,

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such as will assist to form a really pure poetical taste; and yet, all well suited to a child's comprehension. Among other old friends we met with 'The Child's first Grief;' 'We are seven;' 'The Battle of Blenheim,' &c.

"What individual does not dwell with delight, verging on reverence, on his childish books? Like his early friends, his early pets, they are vested with that ideal excellence of character, which never yet belonged to reality. What the memory receives in childhood, remains there fixedly graven as with a pen of adamant; nor can all the lashings of the dark waves of sorrow, nor the fearful tempests of passion, erase or remove, though they may sometimes obliterate it; but eventually there are moments, in the midst of this sorrow and wretchedness, in which the remembrance of these early things will return to his heart, and fetch tears thence.

"If he is sad, he will recall, with melancholy feeling, the gayety of heart which he felt when he used to sit by the fire on a wintry night reading what to him was all sublime. When he is disappointed, he will remember the glad hopes of other days. If his heart is wrung and convulsed with the storms of passion, he will revert to the hours when his life was calm, pure, and tranquil, like the surface of the

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water by whose banks he played. In hours of sadness, as we all know, how often do we clothe our thoughts in the poetry of childhood! And what can be more suitable to him, whose heart has been torn by the loss and desertion of friends, than those lines learned at the knee of his mother?—

> 'Even though all should forsake thee, still
> He would protect thee from every ill.'

Or when his schemes of benevolence have been checked and cooled by the chilling breath of the world, what is more likely to encourage and cheer to perseverance, than the remembrance of the voice of his father, exclaiming,

> 'Boy, let the eagle's course ever be thine,
> Upward, and onward, and true to the line!'

Who, in conclusion, we would ask, would compare with this pure and delightful book 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'Tom Thumb,' of forty years ago?"

The following letter, written after the death of a valued friend, to whose illness reference has already been made in previous letters, shows her sympathizing spirit, and contains touching allusions to her own removal:—

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TO MISS. F.

"*March 27th*, 1838.

"Yes, my dear friend, we do weep with you; but we weep for the mourners, and not for the blessed:

'She is at rest, but ye are in tears.'

We mourn for you; for ourselves; for those she has left behind to mourn her loss; for those from whom smiles and gladness have for long departed, whose hearth must be a desolate and forsaken spot. O my dear friend, what agony there is in those words, 'She is no more!' On opening your letter, they fell on my soul like a knell. It seems like a dream to me, when I think that our dear Mrs. B. now lies beneath the turf, and that, ere we may again meet her, we too must pass through the 'lashings of Jordan;' we must walk alone through the valley of the shadow of death; and know and feel for ourselves what it is to die. Who of our circle will be the first to rejoin her in that blissful land? Who will be the first to cease from sorrow and sighing? How soon will the last of us bid farewell to earth and its affairs?

"I most fervently respond to your prayer, 'O that heaven, more than earth, might hence-

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forth be the country of my heart and commerce!' Let us then, my dear friend, solemnly covenant, that we will fix our eye steadily on the hope that is set before us, and that we will not tarry in all the plain, but escape for our lives; and, like the heavenly footman, stop our ears and cry, 'Life! life!' I am running for life eternal!' I have thought much lately of my latter end, and often considered how very near it might be; but, by the grace of God, I shrink not from it; for I know that

'Love divine will bear me through;'

that the God who hath watched and guarded me all my journey through will not forsake me at its close: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Often, very often, have my thoughts wandered away from surrounding objects; my heart has been with you. I have longed to be near you, that I might have tried to comfort you; but I can urge nothing new.

'She is happy now, and we
Soon her happiness shall see.'

My mind seems to leap over the few remaining years of our earthly pilgrimage, as a 'little moment,' to the time when we shall all meet in our Father's house above. Our S. friends have not been forgotten at our family altar, I can assure you."

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TO THE SAME.

"*April* 12*th*, 1838.

"What a consolation that they who have left us 'are not lost, but gone before!' I am sure you will see still more beauty in our favourite hymn,—

'Come let us join our friends above,
Who have obtain'd the prize.'

I have frequently thought of it lately.

"You could not have chosen a more valuable memento of my friend. Indeed I know of nothing so suitable to recall the memory of parted ones as a lock of hair; it seems so to have been a part and parcel of themselves.

"A few weeks ago I consulted father and mother on the subject of the missionary basket, which we talked over at S.; and, to my great joy, they quite approve of it. Had I not learned that 'blessed is he who hopeth for nothing,' I should be very sanguine about it; but I think you will not censure me for an enthusiast, if I do expect that if it be energetically and prayerfully set on foot, God will give his blessing, and we shall not want encouragement.

"We begin our sewing school on Saturday; but what lies much nearer my heart remains still neglected, that is, the Bible class; I do feel anxious about my Sunday scholars."

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TO THE SAME.

"*April 24th*, 1838.

"Last Sunday we had the distribution of a most noble present from uncle Holgate, to the girls of our first two classes in the Sunday school, with whom he was much pleased. It certainly was a gratifying scene, and being also proof Sunday, the rewards for them were given at the same time. The children are straining every nerve to get Testaments, which father has promised them. They are regular and attentive; but we want their hearts to be touched; and these, alas! remain hard: some of these girls lie like a load on my mind. At the same time, we seem ripe for a revival; prayer has continually ascended to God, yes, night and day, from some of his saints. 'O Lord, revive thy work!' God will hear and answer. O, that it may be soon! He has answered prayer in one respect: all the obstacles are, I trust, removed out of the way of the Bible class, and it is to be begun next Friday week. O pray for us!

"I have been reading the 'Life of Henry Martyn;' and I cannot tell you how it has melted my heart, how it has roused my spirit. It made me exclaim,

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'No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy,
Since both so soon shall end!'"

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, June* 11*th*, 1838.

"It has been delightful, during this fine mild weather, to watch the trees expanding into their full and glorious summer loveliness. How true it is that

'Blessings brighten as they take their flight!'

I do not think that any of us ever looked with so much interest on the beautiful woods across the water as this year, when we know that (from the house) it is the last time. O, these railways! While you are enjoying them so much, you must please to remember the beautiful views they have spoiled; and think of your friends at Springfield, whose 'happy valley' they are thus going to deform. Well, we must look at both sides of this varied life,

'Its brightness and its shadow.'

O, how merciful it is, that we may repose our purest and best affections, draw our sweetest and highest enjoyments, on and from those objects where nothing can disappoint, where nothing can grieve!

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"The different congregations which attend the ministry of Mr. J. and Mr. L. prove, (if proof were needed,) that more are swayed by the passions than the judgment; and that whatever may be said about our countrymen being led only by cool, unbiased reason, they are much more governed by emotion and impulse, than foreigners seem for a moment to suppose."

TO THE SAME.

"*Monday morning, June 25th*, 1838.

"The clocks are striking six, and (excepting Crane, who has just been paying me a visit) I believe all else are enjoying their pillows; and here am I, sitting down to one of my most favourite employments, namely, writing to you, my own dear friend.

"I admire very much what you say about the poet's sentiment: 'Rapt into still communion, which transcends the imperfect offices of prayer and praise.' Although the term 'still communion' is a most felicitous expression for an almost nameless feeling, it is evident that the poet has never experienced

'The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.'

"I almost envy you the gratification of hear-

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ing Mr. Fraser. On such a subject, and from such a man, how could a sermon be unprofitable?"

TO THE SAME.

"*Springfield, July*, 1838.

"I am very glad that you have seen Tintern Abbey; it will, no doubt, be a

'Scene to recall on a distant day,
How the golden beam on the abbey lay.'

O, I should so much have enjoyed feeling that spirit of the olden time creep over me; the spirit that must steal over the visiter of such scenes as Tintern or Chepstow Castle!

"I am much afraid this bustle will be too great for you. What a beautiful expression that is in one of our hymns!—

'Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.'

O, when shall we each 'wake up after his lovely likeness!'

"Do you remember Dr. Chalmers' sermon on the 'Reasonableness of Faith?'—being shut up unto the faith. I admire it very much.

"I found a new occupation the other day, in which I was quite interested; namely, helping Crane and cousins Walton and Henry to fly

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their kite. Aunt Stead desires her kind remembrances, and says you should not leave Clifton without visiting Henbury cottages, Blaize Castle," &c.

During the month of July, Miss Fishwick, along with her beloved parents and brother, visited her respected relatives at Longholme, Burnley, Manchester, &c. Many of her friends were much struck with the amiable manners and interesting appearance of their young visiter; and were led to remark, though they had always loved Mary, yet they never felt so much attached to her before; she seemed insensibly to win the esteem and regard of all around her.

While she greatly enjoyed these visits, gathering from every passing event the choicest sweets, her mind and thoughts rose above the transitory scenes by which she was surrounded. A friend observed, when speaking of her, that, notwithstanding her fine perception of all that was lovely and beautiful in nature, her thoughts and affections were ever turning to that happy land

> "Where everlasting spring abides,
> And never withering flowers."

Like a passing traveller below, her heart seemed fixed on her eternal home; and her conduct

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declared that she desired "a better country, that is, a heavenly."

In August, 1838, the Rev. W. O. Booth and Mrs. Booth visited Springfield. With these esteemed friends Miss Fishwick felt much union of spirit. From the pulpit ministrations of Mr. Booth she derived great benefit; and the impressions then produced were not evanescent, but remained till she was called to her full reward. The following extract refers to the pleasure she enjoyed in their society:—

TO MISS F.

"*Springfield, August*, 1838.

"On Thursday Mr. Booth preached such a sweet sermon from, 'Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward.' On Sunday he preached again, by our request, from, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' And words cannot describe the thrilling energy with which he spoke. Of the missionary meeting I shall say nothing now, except that they all thought it was the best they ever were at: the collections were considerably increased. On Friday dear Mr. and Mrs Booth left us. O how soon is the end of all created pleasures! They left a blank, not only in our circle, but in our hearts, that will not soon be filled up.

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But what a blessed thought, that we are all journeying to the same city of habitation! and,

'Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again!'

I feel that meetings are but partings here; but how soon will come the last! and then the time when we shall all meet again, 'in the land of the blessed!' How sweet to love those we may love for ever!

"Will you read, as my language, the sixth and seventh verses of the one hundred and thirty-sixth hymn?—

'I know in thee all fulness dwells,' &c.

I much admire,

'Come, O thou traveller unknown,' &c.

The second part I like better than the first. Will you read the fifth, sixth, and seventh verses of this hymn, and think of me?

'*My help* is all laid up above,' &c.

The one hundred and ninetieth is another of my favourites.

"Mr. Booth has kindly lent us Watson's Institutes, which we are beginning to read. Miss Hannah More's Life is also in hand. The account of her schools quite encourages me."

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Miss Fishwick's qualifications for shining in the social circle were fully drawn forth during this summer, by the visits of many of her endeared relatives, who remember this season of intercourse with feelings of mournful gratification. Never had they seen their interesting young friend to so much advantage; her excellences had unfolded, her piety was matured, her cheerful flow of spirits animated the happy party, and their hearts seemed united by a bond more firm and binding than ever.

To her young cousins she was as an elder sister; mingling in their pursuits, and directing their recreations. It was her constant aim to unite instruction with amusement; and, in their moments of leisure, she loved to lead them to the footstool of mercy, and intercede on their behalf with all the ardour and fervency of a spirit tremblingly alive to their eternal welfare.

She retained through life a great indifference for outward adorning; often expressing her regret that so much precious time should be taken up by it, and her wish that there was one mode of dress that never changed.

On being presented with a small brooch, not very long before her death, (the first and only ornament she ever wore,) she remarked to her friend, "I had rather father had spared this

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money, and given it to me for the missions." And when, about the same time, her parents in a playful manner proposed to her a yearly allowance for dress, which she did not think would be sufficient, she said to the same friend, not knowing but they were serious, "I do not think I shall be able to *dress* as father and mother will expect me; but I am resolved in one thing,—I will *give*, if I wear linsey-woolsey."

Perhaps these details may be thought too minute and trifling. In themselves they are so; but in connection with the principle they exhibit, their littleness is forgotten; and, like straws and feathers, though but insignificant, they serve well to indicate the direction of the current.

The following is addressed

TO MISS E. P.

"*Springfield, Sept.* 22*d*, 1838.

"O that I could always shake off the fear of man, and, I was going to say, (though perhaps you and I may differ a little on that point,) that which often serves as a cloak for the devil,—worldly prudence! I believe, however, that we shall both agree in thinking that the term 'knowing zeal' expresses what is the happy medium between rashness and frigidity.

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"I am glad you admire the sonnet: it strikes me as being very beautiful.

'O! just when, how, and as thou shalt please.'

This is wisdom, and this is happiness, even the perfection of both. O that this might be my language on every occasion!

"I have felt much struck lately with a sense of the import of that passage, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Why should we thus go on, as I do, wishing and striving to overcome the evil of my heart, lamenting that my progress is so small, my love so faint, so cold, when those who have 'made a covenant with Him by sacrifice,' possess all in him, have his full salvation made over to them, on this tenure,—that they claim it? Truly I often think I will no more wonder at the stupidity of those who know not our God, nor the power of his might; when I, who profess to feel that he is gracious, am so faithless."

TO MRS P. P.

"*Springfield, Sept.*, 1838.

"I have just taken a few moments to thank you for your two last kind notes. Your feelings just answer to mine; and, for my own

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part, so much do I rely upon our knowledge of each other in heaven, that I look forward to personal intercourse with you, as one of the enjoyments which appear to be reserved for that better land. O yes, there we shall have time to cement our friendship! and there

'Will no dread of *change* darken our spirit's trust.'

And what a very little moment may intervene before we shall be called to enjoy this blessedness, of which all the pleasant and good things of this life are but as the shadows!

"I leave home for Harrowgate on Monday; and we shall pass through B. I am glad you told me you went to school at Knaresborough: I shall look on it with much interest on that account. My own dear friend, Miss F., goes with us: I wish you knew her. She and I often talk about you; and she seems almost to know you.

"And now, my dear Mrs. P., I must say something about my own feelings; but alas! they often wither in expression. I still feel that my Saviour is my all; through his blood I enjoy pardon and peace; and I am trying to press on to know him more fully. Those three beautiful hymns, four hundred and twenty-nine, four hundred and thirty, and four hundred and

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thirty-one, express what I am longing to feel. My language is,—

> 'Thou hast my spirit; there display
> Thy glory to the perfect day.'

But yet this is not the case. O that my life might show forth his praise!

"Have you seen 'Elisha,' by Krummacher? If you have not, I shall be most happy to lend it you, as I am sure you would like it. May I hope to hear from you soon? I do value your letters. Adieu, my dear Mrs. P., and believe me your own affectionate

"MARY FISHWICK."

"P. S. On reading the above over, I have had a long debate with myself about sending it. However, I trust to your kindness to forgive what has been written in much haste."

The journey to Harrowgate, referred to in the preceding letter, was undertaken in consequence of that place being recommended to Miss Fishwick, who, though not an invalid, was subject to an affection of the throat when exposed to damp or cold. Accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate parents, and her beloved friend, Miss F., she left home for that place on the 24th of September.

From the many letters she wrote while

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there, the following, addressed to her brother, is selected; also one to Miss F., who returned home earlier than the rest of the party.

"*No.* 1, *Prospect-place, Harrowgate, October* 11*th*, 1838.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I fancy a few lines from this very pleasant place will perhaps be acceptable; and I address you on this sheet, that you may form some idea of one of the pretty scenes by which we are surrounded; and which I should have been happy had you and Miss P. been able to enjoy with me. We had a very nice excursion on Tuesday to Plumpton, one of the seats of the earl of Harewood. The principal attraction there is the rocky range of cliffs overhanging the lake, which covers seven acres of ground. Several of the rocks are of very singular shape and form; some rifted in twain, as if by a mighty convulsion, and others worn by constant washing; but one thing that would, I think, have pleased you most was a pretty squirrel, which hopped about in a tree from branch to branch, and then sat among the boughs, making, I dare say, a very good dinner of some nuts he had just found. How good God is to make the little squirrel thus enjoy itself!

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"We saw Charles's half sister to-day, I think; a pony just his size and colour, with four black legs, a black mane, and a good deal of his honour's wild Scotch look. I am glad to hear that you have been enjoying riding so much, and hope that when I return we shall be able to ride together. You must give my respectful compliments to all my quadruped friends, particularly to Jack: I have seen a great many pretty dogs, but none that I like so much as him.

"At Studley we were all much pleased; and it will be a treat for you to look forward to, at some future time; but I really think when you do see it, you will say it is the most beautiful place you were ever at.

"Father wishes me to say, that he expects to find his dear little boy very greatly improved; and I tell him I have no doubt that it will be the case.

"Father and mother join in kindest love to you; and believe me, my dear brother,

"Your very affectionate sister,

"MARY FISHWICK."

"P. S. Your good friend Clement says, a 'postscript is the best part of a lady's letter,' and I rather suspect I shall have the most news to communicate in my P. S. We were at

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York yesterday, and were very much delighted; we saw the minster, and I went to the top, a great part of the way quite alone. It was a cloudy, windy day, and not a good view; so that I went up merely for the name of the thing. Had I to choose between seeing York minster and Studley, I think I should choose the former: I am afraid Miss P. will count me a sad Goth for my choice. We saw St. Mary's Abbey, the castle, the courts, Guildhall, two of the bars, &c.; and had a sad windy ride home of four hours and a half. All particulars of sights in the minster I must leave till we come home. Good by, love."

TO MISS F.

"*Harrowgate, October* 12, 1838.

"I assure you we felt very dull and sad after your departure; and our thoughts often took wing and pursued your flight. We talked of you, and prayed for you, and wished we could know how you were going on.

"On Wednesday night it was so dark and threatening, that we gave up all idea of visiting York: in the morning, however, it was brighter and finer, so about eight o'clock we took our departure, and arrived there at eleven. 'You

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know York so well that a description of the place is needless; and of my own feelings on seeing the minster impossible. I never before felt myself shrink into such a tiny pigmy as on first entering that place. O, my eyes seemed to feast on, to drink in, the splendour, the extent, the magnitude of that noble edifice! The central nave, and the stained glass, I may mention as most delighting me. The view from under the screen, up the western nave, and through the north and south transepts, is too overpowering, too stupendous; and you can only think with sorrow on those who raised the fabric. When we gazed on the tombs of those who ornamented or built that stupendous pile, who enriched or added to it, I was forcibly reminded of the coral insect, who thus labours and works at what will survive after it is gone and forgotten. Their work, that proud monument of the wealth and skill of other days, seems to exult over their ashes, and to stand forth young and beautiful as when it first sprung from under their hand, when their names are all but forgotten. As we examined the tombs, I could not but exclaim, 'The glorious dead! how lived they? how died they? How soon shall we be like them!' You remember those lines of Hervey's:—

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'Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they speak of many an age,
And tales to which each graven stone
Is but the title-page.'

I could like to talk to you about all the things I saw at York, for I can write no account of them.

"We leave this place on Wednesday, by way of Bolton-bridge to Burnley, where we shall spend a day or two; but most likely we shall reach home on Friday night.

"Last Friday we were at the top of the tower on Harlow-hill; above a hundred steps; the second edition of York minster; but the view amply repaid us. I will send you a list of the objects to be seen from it. It was remarkably clear, and very cold. I hardly durst venture to call the

'Nose upon my face my own,'

until I had first proved its identity by the touch.

"We had a letter from Mr. B. the other day. He has our prayers and our wishes; for our own sakes we would pray, we would hope, that he might yet be spared. Alas!

'The flower that blooms the sweetest
First droops away and dies,
And happy souls are fleetest,
Beneath these lower skies.'

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"Do not take fright at this long letter. I have written a long one, because I could not write a short one. I have been reading a book of gems from American poetry I am, as ever, your own MARY."

CHAPTER X.

"Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone;
Joy breathed in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was one."—*Dale.*

IT has been well remarked, that "toward the close of any book of biography, in which we have been particularly interested, there is something of apprehension experienced as we approach the last pages; we know the catastrophe which consummates every work of the kind, because the same is the consummation of every human life. Whose heart has not palpitated, whose hand has not trembled, as if it felt a feebler pulse, on turning over leaf after leaf? And whose eye has not keenly, eagerly, yet revoltingly, glanced on to the very line in which the last agony is described, as though it saw the dying look of one who had been 'very pleasant in life,' and from whom, even in the written narrative, it was hard to be divided?"

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Miss Fishwick had now completed her eighteenth year, and on her justly rested the fond hopes of her parents. They witnessed, with delight and gratitude, the highly-cultivated mind of their daughter, bending all its energies to promote the welfare and happiness of her fellow-creatures, and the extension of the cause of her Redeemer, at the same time endeavouring to become to them all that their anxious wishes could desire. Before leaving Harrowgate, the subject of female education in the East was brought before her notice; she entered most warmly into it, and on her return home set about accomplishing her object, which, with the full sanction and co-operation of her friends, was about to be effected. Her wish was, to have a native child educated for a teacher, by the society established for that purpose; and it will be a mournful pleasure to her sorrowing friends to fulfil her wishes on this subject.

On her return from Harrowgate she spent a short time in Burnley, under the hospitable roof of her valued uncle Hopwood, and had, what to her was a high gratification, the pleasure of meeting a numerous circle of her beloved relatives. All were struck with her blooming appearance, as well as with her amiable man-

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ners; and congratulated her parents on the possession of so lovely a flower.

A few more selections from her letters will close her correspondence, and will illustrate the undiminished glow of hallowed love and zeal which was so soon, to mortal eyes, to be quenched in death; but which now burns with seraphic ardour before the throne of God, where, with unclouded vision, she gazes on Him "whom not having seen she loved."

TO MISS F.

"*Springfield, November 1st*, 1838.

"My own Dear Friend,—November has come this morning, resolved, with all due honours, to place himself on the throne of his ancestors. The wind has howled and sung round the house, and penetrated our warmest apartments, as though to assure us that winter has not lost the bad habit he possessed when we were young, of being very cold; or the still more evil trick of compelling us to be the same. We have had some tremendous hail-showers; and the clouds are now driving about in huge masses, and promising, to the already-drenched earth, more rain.

"I can quite sympathize with you in your expression of feeling. It is sometimes much

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easier to make the tongue (unruly member as it is) move as you wish it, than the pen. I should now like to read Wilberforce's Life; I had the chance at Longholme, but neglected it.

"I hope that the glory of Methodism is not departing, and that our towers will never bear upon them 'Ichabod.' No! surely God will remember Zion; and the prayers that daily ascend before him for the peace of our Israel will at length be answered, and the Spirit will again be poured out as in the former days, only much more abundantly.

"We have some very interesting girls in the Sunday school. Miss P. heard in her class this week eight hundred and forty verses of Scripture. It being proof Sunday, three hundred and fifty reward tickets were given. The tickets will be taken in, and the reward books given, in about a week, so that we shall have quite a high day among our dear girls.

"I wish you could come over to our class in some of its consecrated meetings. We never had a much better meeting than last week. I very much wish you had been there. There was the Spirit. Every one seemed moved, and resolved to go forward in the name of the Lord of hosts, fearing nothing.

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"In the haven you speak of, there is rest, there is peace. O, to rest, to repose there, to forget ourselves in looking to Jesus, to gaze on him till we are transformed into the same image! Poor Miss L.! Yet why should we pity those for whom 'to die is gain?' We would fain hope that our dear friend may return once more, that God may spare him a little longer. And yet why detain him here, when he is ready to remove,

'Swift of wing, and fired with love?'

His last letter was a sad one; but he seemed already to be breathing the atmosphere of heaven.

"We have had an interesting letter to-day from Mr. Threlfall, along with Laborde's Travels in Mount Sinai and Petræa.

"This giant rail-way bank proceeds slowly, yet surely toward us. They have begun at the Hollins, and, on the other side of us, are only three or four fields off. They have got a number of dragoons, and special constables, and police, &c., at Lancaster. Still we put our trust in the Lord, and believe that he will suffer no evil to come near our habitation.

"I enclose Bernard Barton's piece, 'He is with thee whose favour,' &c.; also another

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favourite scrap of mine. Accept them with my love. I also send the 'Missionary Notices,' containing a most thrilling account of the first of August. How it would have gladdened Wilberforce! I had intended to tell you about Bolton Abbey, but must leave it till next time. Good night, my own dear, kind friend! Remember us most affectionately to dear Mrs. F. A kind good night from your own

"MARY."

TO THE SAME.

"*November* 15*th*, 1838.

"Our good friend Miss L. has just come in; and mother wishes me to finish this letter for her. We heard of uncle A.'s death on Saturday. Mother has felt it very much, she seems to have so few relatives. Many thanks for your very kind letter; just such a one as I like. I think what you say on the review very just; but we will talk more about it some time else. You will agree with me in admiring the review of 'Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry,' &c. I do admire that.

"On Wednesday last we went to take tea with our kind friend Mr. T. We talked of the bookish world, round and square; among other things, of the bad influence Dr. C.'s works

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have had on the thinking world. What he said made me almost melancholy; the great mischief seems to be done to that class which I always pity,—the proud, sensitive, thinking, reserved persons, full of the pride of their own mind. With all these Dr. C. will take. Our good friend Mr. R. differs from us. He thinks that the tenets do not suit human nature.

"I am very busy, and, with kindest love, I remain your own MARY."

Sunday, November 17th, was the last day she attended the Sunday school. She manifested almost more than her usual zeal and activity in the discharge of her duty. Near the conclusion she remarked to her class: "I had intended telling you a very pretty tale,—it is a very pretty one; but I must defer it till the next time I come. I will only now tell you the subject of it: it is on death." That day fortnight their beloved teacher was no longer an inhabitant of earth, but was translated to that land where there is "no more death."

Thus closed her sabbath-school instructions, on the day which she had looked forward to as "a high day." Nor was she disappointed. Her happy, fervent spirit, exulted in the work in which she was engaged. That same

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evening, while bowed at the footstool of mercy, she was admitted to intimate communion with the Father of spirits, while, like Abraham, she pleaded for those who were yet strangers to God, and for whose salvation her soul yearned.

Her health was at this time better than usual, and her full flow of spirits animated and enlivened the family group. On the 20th of November she attended her class, and many there present were struck with her deep devotion, and the hallowed frame of mind she evinced. Some of her remarks were, that "eternity was very near, and she wished ever 'to be about her Father's business:'" adding, that "she had 'a good hope through grace' of reigning in heaven for ever."

That evening she wrote the following letter to her friend Mrs. P. P.:—

"*Springfield, November 20th*, 1838.

"I felt exceedingly obliged by your kindness in writing to me, and often read over your letter with feelings of great pleasure. I have frequently remembered the pleasant hour I spent with you at B.; but since then it has almost made me sad to think that I can so seldom see you, and for so short a time only; but your note adverts to the time when meetings will

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cease to be followed by partings, and when Sorrow and Joy, who for so long have walked the earth in company, will be for ever disunited.

"Upon every thing around us is written, 'passing away;' and we too shall very soon be no more seen. I have thought much lately upon this subject, and upon the loud call there is for action. Every thing seems to reiterate, 'Son, go to-day and work in my vineyard.' There seem so many who need our assistance, so many who are saying, 'Come over and help us.'

"I admire very much that idea of Newton's, that 'there are two heaps in the world; one of happiness, the other of misery. Now,' said he, 'if I can do any thing, however small, toward enlarging one of these heaps, and lessening the other, I look upon myself as having fulfilled part of the end of my existence.' What a merciful arrangement it is, that to lessen one of these heaps, and enlarge the other, neither requires wealth, nor talents, but simply the wish, the desire! How much a kind word, a kind look, does toward lightening a heavy heart! Of all the good qualities which Beattie gives to his 'Edwin,' there is none I should covet so much as that

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'He would not work the wo
Of any living thing.'

I think, when we look at our fellow-creatures as being the objects of God's care, as fed by his hand, it tends greatly to increase our love for them; and, when disgusted with their earthliness, to remember that still God bears with them, still he tries to allure them upward, always seems to open my heart to them, and to lead me to say, 'I would love all that God loves.' Since I saw you, I have been reading Abbott's 'Path of Peace;' and have been much pleased with his remarks on the love of God.

"Will you forgive me for writing so shabby a letter, and let me hear from you soon? I very often think of you, and rejoice to know that you sometimes think of me.

"Will you, my dear Mrs. P., accept my kindest love and best wishes? and believe me your own affectionate

"MARY FISHWICK."

The following, addressed to Miss F., was the last effort of her pen; a letter she was unable to finish, and which gives a most animating view of her maturity for the heavenly world, and her benign and beneficent longings

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for the happiness of all around her. But in the midst of her active benevolence, and fair promise for future years, her purposes are broken off; God says to her, "It was well that it was in thine heart to do these things; but thou shalt now come up higher."

"*Springfield, Nov. 26th*, 1838.

"My own Dear Friend,—With pleasure I take up my pen to thank you for your very kind letter and its appendages, which were pronounced with one accord to be very good, and many votes of thanks were passed to the kind friends who sent them.

"I am very happy to learn by a letter father has received from the centenary committee, stating the deputation for the district, that the one for S. includes our worthy superintendent, Mr. R. I am glad you will see my dear friend. He is a holy, good man, and seems to take much pains to 'be about his Father's business.' I think he will never enter a house without doing good to those within.

"You asked what father thought upon the subject of the centenary. When he found it was designed to embrace more objects, and to include a larger field, and especially that assistance to the old preachers' fund was intended,—

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which he had long felt about,—he, like many others, was glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging himself a debtor, and, as he said at the Liverpool meeting, of presenting a thank-offering for the many mercies of providence and grace of which he has been the recipient, and which he owes to the influence of Methodism. I believe his feeling was, on returning from Liverpool, 'As for me, in the uprightness of my heart have I offered this thing; and now have I seen with joy thy people, which are here present to offer willingly unto thee.' From what uncle Fishwick seemed to say about the Manchester meeting, which he attended, there was a hallowed feeling of grateful inquiry as to which owed most to his Lord, and to Wesleyan Methodism as the blessed instrument in bringing him from darkness to light; and they readily offered back again to God a part of that which he had given them. I suppose the most touching part of the speeches have been suppressed in the 'Watchman,' as they were so love-feast like, that perhaps some might have scoffed at them: I mean those who speak of owing all their temporal and spiritual prosperity to their connection with Methodism.

"What do you think, my dear Miss F., of the mission-ship? It appears to me as if it

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might be very valuable. I suppose some of our missionaries have suffered so much from want, in consequence of the destitution of supplies, it was feared they would not recover.

"I am truly glad to hear you say what you do about the Fejeean basket. We will trust the Lord, who has hitherto opened our way before us, to find us a saleswoman. I feel quite encouraged. But I have so many things to say to you, I am almost sure to forget some. First, then, the letter* you sent; next valued, my dear friend, to your own. I will take the liberty of keeping it another week. It has been read over in the family; and I am sure we have each felt the truth of the apostle's declaration, 'Neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Her attainments were high indeed. I think, my dear friend, the reading of it did me good, and I shall read it over again frequently.

"We very much regret that we were not aware Miss G. was at Harrowgate: we should have been glad of such a neighbour. I have had very good health in general since I was

* The letter here referred to was an unpublished one, from the late Miss Brain, of Bristol, to the late Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley.

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there, till on Friday I took cold; and though I am improving, I must take care in future. How do you, my dear friend, stand this east wind?

"At our school meeting it was agreed that, in addition to our public prayer meeting for the schools, we are to have an intercession meeting once a month, (for the teachers only,) to pray for the prosperity of the school. O that it might be a blessing! We have also fixed to hold the missionary prayer meeting once a month. I enclose Abbott's 'Path of Peace.' You will also find the 'Three Experiments of Living.' I hope you will like it: it is a great favourite with us. I also enclose a list of the objects seen from the top of Harlow-hill observatory, which I have copied out for you, and of which I beg your acceptance.

"I have often thought, since you left me, of the last Sunday evening we spent together, of your sweet converse then, of our communion high. What would I give for another hour of kind advice from you! I have thought much of what you said in your last letter respecting the changes of the past year, the drama that has passed before us. Yes, my friend, God does indeed move in a mysterious way; but though to us his footsteps are planted in the

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thick darkness, yet he seeth the end from the beginning. To him all is light.

'His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.'

Can we mourn for those whose peace is sealed? They may not fall, they may not cast their birthright-hope away. Can we mourn that they are where we long to be? And when, like Judah, we are encamped toward the sunrising, raising our longing eyes to the horizon, where we soon hope to see the day (the eternal day without night) break; can we forbear to give thanks for as many as are at rest, whose tears are for ever wiped away, and who are now like Him whom on earth they loved, for they see him as he is? O no! we will rejoice that they have witnessed a good confession; and though we mourn to be left without their voice, yet we will remember that Time, who while they were on earth was our enemy, hourly bearing us on to a separation, is now changed, is become our friend, and is fleetly bearing us onward to our eternal meeting, toward the same blessedness they enjoy, to the same city they inhabit. There, my dear Miss F., may you and I soon be united with those who are gone before! I often think of that

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time when our feet will first tread those golden courts; when our eyes shall first gaze on the unveiled Divinity; when, as Sheppard so sweetly says, 'we shall first know what it is to be eternally saved, to strike, with a hand that cannot moulder, a harp which cannot be untuned.'

"I have seen somewhere a beautiful piece of poetry,—the 'Sage's Advice.' He said to a maiden who asked his advice as to what she should do,

'Live, love, and hope.'

Now I think this is what I am called to,—to live (but not to myself) to Him who loved and gave himself for me; and, after that, to live for others; to live for the poor, the sad, the sick, the desolate; to live to show forth the praises of Him who hath called me to seek his face. I would

'Only breathe, to breathe his love.'

I would love God and all that he hath created. I very much admire that sentiment of Newton's, (I think it is,) that if he had but made a dog happy, he felt that he had been a co-worker with God, that he had assisted in his great design of diffusing happiness. I want thus to be able to spread happiness, to make joy, to love

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the world, but not the things of the world, hating the very garments that are defiled. I would 'hope,' hope always for the best; hope and put confidence in God; yet when my hopes are blighted, I would be able to smile and say, 'My all was not laid there.'"

On the 23d of November, as stated in the foregoing letter, Miss Fishwick took a slight cold; but was not seriously indisposed until Thursday, 29th; when the disorder, which at first appeared trifling, assumed a more serious aspect, baffling medical skill.

On Thursday evening, when reclined on the sofa, she said to her mother, who was leaving the room, in order to be present at family worship, "Will you tell father he must please to pray for me?" And when the doctor was called in, she sent another message, desiring him to pray that divine direction might be vouchsafed to her medical adviser.

On Friday morning, when she was more composed, she requested to have a book given her to read, saying, it would beguile the pain. Miss P. replied, "I shall not leave you, but will remain and read to you;" and inquired if she must first select a portion of the Scriptures. Psalm xl. was read; at the conclusion of which the dear sufferer said, "That is a very sweet

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psalm." During this morning she appeared considerably relieved, and listened with interest to the reading of her friend for upward of an hour. In the early part of the afternoon she experienced a severe paroxysm of pain; but it passed away without causing any serious apprehensions.

That evening the last hallowed effusion of her pen was despatched (which has already been inserted) to her beloved and distant friend, with an affectionate message dictated by herself, apologizing for its unfinished state; but breathing not the slightest thought of her own immediate danger.

Mrs. Fishwick determined not to leave her during the night, and soon had her anxious fears excited by her daughter's short and hurried respiration. About two o'clock on Saturday morning, the idea that possibly the case might prove more dangerous than they had yet feared, flashed into her mind, and she became wishful to ascertain the state of Miss Fishwick's feelings. She said to her, "My dear Mary, you are very ill. I hope in this affliction you find that God is your support and comfort." Her replies perfectly satisfied the mind of her mother on that subject, and assured her that all was peace. Between three and four it

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was concluded to send for additional medical aid; in the mean time, all the measures that skill and affection could devise were unremittingly persevered in, but without affording relief to the beloved sufferer. Although in great pain, no expression of impatience escaped her lips, and her gratitude was constantly expressed to her attendants, for the anxiety they manifested, and the assiduity with which they anticipated her wants. "In patience she possessed her soul;" no murmur betrayed her want of confidence in the wisdom and mercy of her heavenly Father.

About nine o'clock her medical friends met, and had a consultation. As soon as they had announced their opinion, that her case was considered one of imminent danger, her distressed mother returned to her room, to communicate the painful intelligence; saying to her, "My dear child, you are in the Lord's hands, you must look to him: the doctors say there is only one hope remaining, from the trial of another remedy." The dear countenance of her daughter betrayed no agitation; she looked on her beloved mother with an earnest gaze, but with perfect calmness and serenity. Miss P., whose agonized feelings had obliged her for a few moments to withdraw, now re-

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turned, and said to her, "I trust you are not alarmed, my love. You must place yourself in the arms of Jesus. He is able to 'save to the uttermost;' and the God who has kept and guarded you hitherto will not forsake you now." "O no!" she replied; then for a few moments covering her face, she seemed engaged in solemn prayer for strength in this hour of need. While she was "yet speaking she was heard;" for almost immediately afterward the full tide of her saintly spirit broke forth in strains of holy triumph and praise to her Redeemer. With deeply-impressive energy and animation she exclaimed, "Jesus died for me! Jesus died for me!

'I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.'"

When the doctors returned, she desired her friend to retire into another room to pray for her. On finding the time expired when her medical friends (who paid the most unremitting attention to her) had hoped for a favourable change, and that now no hope could be entertained, but in all probability a few hours would terminate her sojourn here below, she appeared ready at once to bid farewell to earth, and fully

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to realize her own sweet expression, that "the strong ties which bound her here were loosed, ready to be dropped at the word of command." She meekly raised her eyes, and requested Mr. B. to follow her mother, who had just left the room, and "prepare her for losing" her; observing to him, "I am not afraid to die. I have not religion to seek now. That God whom I have loved in health will not forsake me now when I am going to die. I am going to enjoy the heaven I have long loved, to be with Jesus for ever. Yes! to dwell with him for ever!" When her father and mother again entered the room, they found their beloved Mary, with a countenance beaming with holy joy, rejoicing and praising God. As soon as she saw them, she threw her arms round their necks, saying, "O my dear, dear mother! my dear, dear father! I am dying, I am going to heaven!" and while embracing them with the warmest affection, she eagerly inquired for her brother. Finding he was by her side, she turned her attention to him, exclaiming repeatedly, "O Crane, love the Lord! love the Lord! Be sure to give your heart to him now, while you are young. Get religion now, while you are young!" She then turned to Miss P., and, embracing her most affectionately, said, "You

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will think of me when I am gone. Write a letter to Miss F. for me, and tell her I thought of her when I was dying;" then, with an impressive look, as if aware her long-tried friend could read her anxious wishes respecting a subject which was dear to her heart even in death, she added, "Tell my Sunday scholars, tell my Sunday scholars." And she continued to send messages full of kindness to all her absent friends by name.

As if anxious to advise and comfort every one, she inquired for the servants. The one who was in attendance upon her, and to whom she frequently expressed her gratitude, she charged "to be sure to meet her in heaven." She employed every moment in praising God, and anticipating the glory to which she was hastening. She spoke with such animation, that one of the medical gentlemen suggested she would exhaust her strength so much, she had better desist from speaking, and she immediately complied. It is greatly to be regretted, that no idea can be conveyed of the joy and rapture with which this departing saint spoke of the bliss to which she was hastening. All her natural warmth and energy were brought to bear on the subject, and the hour of death was to her one of triumph and of victory.

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Even when not speaking, she appeared to be hearing

"The harp-notes of another sphere."

At one time, earnestly looking upward, she repeated, "I shall see him for myself, and not another." Her father, overcome by the agony of grief, was obliged to leave the room. On his return, seeing her look so happy and composed, he inquired, "Can you give us up, Mary?" She answered, "O yes!" On his again asking if she could do it freely, she replied, "O yes!" and, tenderly embracing both her parents, she said, "I shall have to praise God to all eternity for pious parents." Seeing the distress of her friends at the thought of losing her, she kindly endeavoured to soothe their sorrow, by referring to her own bright prospects of glory, and to the dangers and trials she should be saved from; frequently saying, "You must not weep for me." She anticipated meeting her dear departed relatives with great triumph and rejoicing: raising her hand, she exclaimed, "I shall soon see my grandfather, my grandmother, my aunt William, and all who are gone before.

'O what a glorious company
When saints and angels join!'"

Referring to her friends following her to

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glory, and being welcomed by her there, her mother repeated those lines which she had been particularly fond of singing:—

"O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head."

At the close of every line she raised her hand, and responded, "Yes;" and at the conclusion she exultingly said, "Yes, I shall see him as he is!"

She repeatedly said, "This is death!" On her beloved friend Miss P. replying, "And to die is gain," she rejoined, with great emphasis, "Yes, is gain for me:" and then added,—

"I'll praise my Maker ——————."

Here her breath failed; which her mother perceiving, repeated the remainder, while she sweetly assented to each line.

She requested her beloved father to pray. All knelt around her bed, while in broken accents he commended her soul "to God who gave it."

At the desire of her mother, her faithful attendant asked her if Christ was still precious. "O yes!" she replied; then, looking up very earnestly, she said, "I am dying; I shall soon be with Jesus."

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The messenger of death, whom she had long regarded as a friend, was now at her side; and very shortly after this she entered upon the reality of all her own sweet, bright, and glowing anticipations, and found what it was to be "eternally saved." For a little longer she continued to breathe forth, in words of triumph, the ecstatic feelings of her soul, till faith was swallowed up in rapturous sight, and prayer in ceaseless praise. She entered into rest on Saturday, December 1st, 1838, aged eighteen years and two months.

Thus died Mary Fishwick; a bright example of all that was amiable, lovely, and of good report; beloved and respected through life, honoured and lamented in death. Who can realize the strange transition?—One moment enshrouded in the garb of mortality, amid suffering and agony; the next, a disencumbered spirit, freed for ever from the trammels of earth, surrounded with the realities of the invisible world! None, save those who have passed through it! But we shall know it: and, for the present, faith feels perfect ground of repose in the blessed declaration concerning those who die in the Lord, that when "absent from the body," they are "present" with him. They pass at once from earth to heaven; for

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"in his presence there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore."

There dwells this sainted young Christian. *There* in the full, clear, solemn, glorious light of eternity, she sees the wisdom and the love of that mysterious dispensation which cut short her days on earth, and "transplanted her to a holier sphere," to bloom and to expand for ever.

We have now been in the chamber of death. Let the young reader pause, and remember that a final hour awaits him likewise; and inquire, "How shall I meet it? Shall I stand, like the one just spoken of, firmly fixing, sheltering, reposing on the Rock of ages, ready to

'Clap the glad wing and soar away,
To mingle with the blaze of day?'

or shrinking, trembling, recoiling from the awful summons; longing to call upon rocks and mountains to fall upon, and hide, and cover me for ever from the wrath of the Lamb?" Now, only now, may he prepare against that solemn time.

The remembrance of her who thus came forth as a flower, and is cut down, will not soon fade from those who knew her. May this recollection be turned to their eternal interest, that they may attain, like her, a happy

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enjoyment of life through faith in the Crucified; a peaceful serenity in death; and, finally, a blessed reunion with her in the land of the blessed!

To all, her sudden and unlooked-for removal speaks with a loud voice: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh:" and, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

The afflictive bereavement was improved on January 6th, 1839, by the Rev. W. O. Booth, who preached at Scorton and at Garstang two most impressive and appropriate sermons, from Phil. iii, 20, 21, and 1 Cor. xv, 55–57. The unction of the Holy One attended his words; and it is fervently hoped, that the effect of the powerful influence that rested on the congregations will not pass away as the morning cloud, or as the early dew; but "be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ," "when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

THE END.

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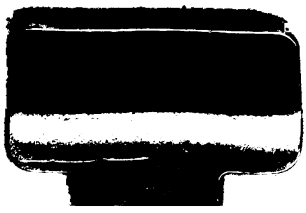

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